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THE HISTORY OF TOM JONES, A FOUNDLING.

By HENRY FIELDING, Esquire.

——Mores hominum multorum vidit——

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BRITISH
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THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

[*Continuation of* BOOK V.]

CHAP. VII.

In which Mr. Allworthy appears on a ſick-bed.

MR. Weſtern was become ſo fond of Jones, that he was unwilling to part with him, though his arm had been long ſince cured; and Jones, either from his love of ſport, or from ſome other reaſon, was eaſily perſuaded to continue at his houſe, which he did ſometimes for a fortnight together, without paying a ſingle viſit at Mr. Allworthy's; nay, without ever hearing from thence.

Mr. Allworthy had been for ſome days indiſpoſed with a cold, which had been attended with a little fever. This he had, however, neglected, as it was

uſual with him to do all manner of diſorders which did not confine him to his bed, or prevent his ſeveral faculties from performing their ordinary functions: a conduct which we would by no means be thought to approve or recommend to imitation: for ſurely the gentlemen of the Æſculapian art are in the right in adviſing, that the moment the diſeaſe is entered at one door, the phyſician ſhould be introduced at the other. What elſe is meant by that old adage, *venienti occurrite morbo?* 'Oppoſe a diſtemper at its 'firſt approach.' Thus the doctor and the diſeaſe meet in fair and equal conflict; whereas by giving time to the latter, we often ſuffer him to fortify and entrench himſelf like a French army; ſo that the learned gentleman finds it very difficult, and ſometimes impoſſible, to come at the enemy. Nay, ſometimes by gaining time, the diſeaſe applies to the French military politics, and corrupts nature over to his ſide, and then all the powers of phyſic muſt arrive too late. Agreeable to theſe obſervations was, I remember, the complaint of the great doctor Miſaubin, who uſed very pathetically to lament the late applications which were made to his ſkill; ſaying, 'Bygar, me believe my pation take me for de un-'dertaker: for dey never ſend for me till de phyſi-'cion have kill dem.'

Mr. Allworthy's diſtemper, by means of this neglect, gained ſuch ground, that when the increaſe of his fever obliged him to ſend for aſſiſtance, the doctor at his firſt arrival ſhook his head, wiſhed he had been ſent for ſooner, and intimated that he thought him in very imminent danger. Mr. Allworthy, who had ſettled all his affairs in this world, and was as well prepared as it is poſſible for human nature to be for the other, received this information with the utmoſt calmneſs and unconcern. He could, indeed, whenever he laid himſelf down to reſt, ſay with Cato in the tragical poem,

'Let

'———— Let guilt or fear
'Disturb man's rest, Cato knows neither of them;
'Indifferent is his choice, to sleep or die.'

In reality, he could say this with ten times more reason and confidence than Cato, or any other proud fellow among the antient or modern heroes: for he was not only devoid of fear, but might be considered as a faithful labourer, when at the end of harvest he is summoned to receive his reward at the hands of a bountiful master.

The good man gave immediate orders for all his family to be summoned round him. None of these were then abroad, but Mrs. Blifil, who had been some time in London, and Mr. Jones, whom the reader hath just parted from at Mr. Western's, and who received this summons just as Sophia had left him.

The news of Mr. Allworthy's danger (for the servant told him he was dying) drove all thoughts of love out of his head. He hurried instantly into the chariot which was sent for him, and ordered the coachman to drive with all imaginable haste; nor did the idea of Sophia, I believe, once occur to him on the way.

And now the whole family, namely, Mr. Blifil, Mr. Jones, Mr. Thwackum, Mr. Square, and some of the servants, (for such were Mr. Allworthy's orders) being all assembled round his bed, the good man sat up in it, and was beginning to speak, when Blifil fell to blubbering, and began to express very loud and bitter lamentations. Upon this Mr. Allworthy shook him by the hand, and said, 'Do not 'sorrow thus, my dear nephew, at the most ordinary 'of all human occurrences. When misfortunes be-'fal our friends, we are justly grieved: for those are 'accidents which might often have been avoided, 'and which may seem to render the lot of one man

'more peculiarly unhappy than that of others; but 'death is certainly unavoidable, and is that common 'lot in which alone the fortunes of all men agree; 'nor is the time when this happens to us material. 'If the wiſeſt of men hath compared life to a ſpan, 'ſurely we may be allowed to conſider it as a day. 'It is my fate to leave it in the evening; but thoſe 'who are taken away earlier, have only loſt a few 'hours, at the beſt little worth lamenting, and much 'oftener hours of labour and fatigue, of pain and 'ſorrow. One of the Roman poets, I remember, 'likens our leaving life to our departure from a 'feaſt: a thought which hath often occurred to me, 'when I have ſeen men ſtruggling to protract an 'entertainment, and to enjoy the company of their 'friends a few moments longer. Alas! how ſhort 'is the moſt protracted of ſuch enjoyments! How 'immaterial the difference between him who retires 'the ſooneſt, and him who ſtays the lateſt! This 'is ſeeing life in the beſt view, and this unwilling-'neſs to quit our friends is the moſt amiable motive, 'from which we can derive the fear of death; and 'yet the longeſt enjoyment which we can hope for 'of this kind, is of ſo trivial a duration, that it is to 'a wiſe man truly contemptible. Few men, I own, 'think in this manner: for, indeed, few men think 'of death till they are in its jaws. However gigan-'tic and terrible an object this may appear when it 'approaches them, they are nevertheleſs incapable 'of ſeeing it at any diſtance; nay, though they have 'been ever ſo much frightened and alarmed when 'they have apprehended themſelves in danger of dy-'ing, they are no ſooner cleared from this apprehen-'ſion than even the fears of it are eraſed from their 'minds. But, alas! he who eſcapes from death, is 'not pardoned; he is only reprieved, and reprieved 'to a ſhort day.

'Grieve, therefore, no more, my dear child, on 'this occaſion; an event which may happen every

'hour

'hour, which every element, nay, almoſt every par-
'ticle of matter that ſurrounds us, is capable of pro-
'ducing, and which muſt and will moſt unavoidably
'reach us all at laſt, ought neither to occaſion our
'ſurprize nor our lamentation.

'My phyſician have acquainted me (which I take
'very kindly of him) that I am in danger of leaving
'you all very ſhortly, I have determined to ſay a
'few words to you at this our parting, before my
'diſtemper, which I find grows very faſt upon me,
'puts it out of my power.

'But I ſhall waſte my ſtrength too much.—I in-
'tended to ſpeak concerning my will, which though
'I have ſettled long ago, I think proper to mention
'ſuch heads of as concern any of you, that I may
'have the comfort of perceiving you are all ſatisfied
'with the proviſion I have there made for you.

'Nephew Bliſil, I leave you the heir to my whole
'eſtate, except only 500l. a-year, which is to re-
'vert to you after the death of your mother, and
'except one other eſtate of 500l. a-year, and the
'ſum of 6000l. which I have beſtowed in the fol-
'lowing manner:

'The eſtate of 500l. a-year I have given to you,
'Mr. Jones. And as I know the inconvenience
'which attends the want of ready money, I have
'added 1000l. in ſpecie. In this I know not whe-
'ther I have exceeded, or fallen ſhort of your expec-
'tation. Perhaps you will think I have given you
'too little, and the world will be as ready to con-
'demn me for giving you too much; but the latter
'cenſure I deſpiſe; and as to the former, unleſs you
'ſhould entertain that common error, which I have
'often heard in my life pleaded as an excuſe for a
'total want of charity; namely, that inſtead of raiſ-
'ing gratitude by voluntary acts of bounty, we are
'apt to raiſe demands, which of all others are the
'moſt boundleſs and moſt difficult to ſatisfy.—Par-

'don me the bare mention of this: I will not suspect any such thing.'

Jones flung himself at his benefactor's feet, and taking eagerly hold of his hand, assured him, his goodness to him, both now, and at all other times, had so infinitely exceeded not only his merit, but his hopes, that no words could express his sense of it. 'And I assure you, Sir,' said he, 'your present generosity hath left me no other concern than for the present melancholy occasion.—Oh, my friend! my father!' Here his words choaked him, and he turned away to hide a tear which was starting from his eyes.

Allworthy then gently squeezed his hand; and proceeded thus: 'I am convinced, my child, that you have much goodness, generosity, and honour in your temper; if you will add prudence and religion to these, you must be happy: for the three former qualities, I admit, make you worthy of happiness; but they are the latter only which will put you in possession of it.

'One thousand pounds I have given to you, Mr. Thwackum; a sum, I am convinced, which greatly exceeds your desires, as well as your wants. However, you will receive it as a memorial of my friendship; and whatever superfluities may redound to you, that piety which you so rigidly maintain, will instruct you how to dispose of them.

'A like sum, Mr. Square, I have bequeathed to you. This, I hope, will enable you to pursue your profession with better success than hitherto. I have often observed with concern, that distress is more apt to excite contempt than commiseration, especially among men of business, with whom poverty is understood to indicate want of ability. But the little I have been able to leave you, will extricate you from those difficulties with which you have formerly struggled; and then I doubt not but you

'will

'will meet with ſufficient proſperity to ſupply what 'a man of your philoſophical temper will require.

'I find myſelf growing faint, ſo I ſhall refer you 'to my will for my diſpoſition of the reſidue. My 'ſervants will there find ſome tokens to remember 'me by; and there are a few charities, which, I 'truſt, my executors will ſee faithfully performed. 'Bleſs you all. I am ſetting out a little before 'you.'———

Here a footman came haſtily into the room, and ſaid there was an attorney from Saliſbury, who had a particular meſſage, which he ſaid he muſt communicate to Mr. Allworthy himſelf: that he ſeemed in a violent hurry, and proteſted he had ſo much buſineſs to do, that if he could cut himſelf into four quarters, all would not be ſufficient.

'Go, child,' ſaid Allworthy to Blifil, 'ſee what 'the gentleman wants. I am not able to do any bu'ſineſs now, nor can he have any with me, in which 'you are not at preſent more concerned than myſelf. 'Beſides, I really am—I am incapable of ſeeing any 'one at preſent, or of any longer attention.' He then ſaluted them all, ſaying, perhaps he ſhould be able to ſee them again, but he ſhould now be glad to compoſe himſelf a little, finding that he had too much exhauſted his ſpirits in diſcourſe.

Some of the company ſhed tears at their parting; and even the philoſopher Square wiped his eyes, 'albeit unuſed to the melting mood.' As to Mrs. Wilkins, ſhe dropt her pearls as faſt 'as the Arabian 'trees their medicinal gums;' for this was a ceremonial which that gentlewoman never omitted on a proper occaſion.

After this Mr. Allworthy again laid himſelf down on his pillow, and endeavoured to compoſe himſelf to reſt.

CHAP. VIII.

Containing matter rather natural than pleaſing.

BESIDES grief for her maſter, there was another ſource for that briny ſtream which ſo plentifully roſe above the two mountainous cheek-bones of the houſe-keeper. She was no ſooner retired, than ſhe began to mutter to herſelf in the following pleaſant ſtrain: 'Sure Maſter might have made ſome difference, methinks, between me and the other ſervants. I ſuppoſe he hath left me mourning; but, i-fackins! if that be all, the devil ſhall wear it for him for me. I'd have his Worſhip know I am no beggar. I have ſaved five hundred pound in his ſervice, and after all to be uſed in this manner!—It is a fine encouragement to ſervants to be honeſt; and to be ſure, if I have taken a little ſomething now and then, others have taken ten times as much; and now we are all put in a lump together. If ſo be that it be ſo, the legacy may go to the devil with him that gave it. No, I won't give it up neither, becauſe that will pleaſe ſome folks. No, I'll buy the gayeſt gown I can get, and dance over the old curmudgeon's grave in it. This is my reward for taking his part ſo often, when all the country have cried ſhame of him, for breeding up his baſtard in that manner! but he is going now where he muſt pay for all. It would have become him better to have repented of his ſins on his death-bed, than to glory in them, and give away his eſtate out of his own family to a miſ-begotten child. Found in his bed, forſooth! A pretty ſtory! Ay, ay, thoſe that hide, know where to find. Lord, forgive him! I warrant he hath many more baſtards to anſwer for, if the truth was known. One comfort is, they will be all known where he is a-

'going

'going now. "The ſervants will find ſome token "to remember me by." Thoſe were the very 'words; I ſhall never forget them, if I was to live 'a thouſand years. Ay, ay, I ſhall remember you 'for huddling me among the ſervants: One would 'have thought he might have mentioned my name 'as well as that of Square; but he is a gentleman 'forſooth, though he had not clothes to his back 'when he came hither firſt. Marry come up with 'ſuch gentlemen! Though he hath lived here theſe 'many years, I don't believe there is *arrow* ſervant 'in the houſe ever ſaw the colour of his money. 'The devil ſhall wait upon ſuch gentlemen for me.' Much more of the like kind ſhe muttered to herſelf; but this taſte ſhall ſuffice to the reader.

Neither Thwackum nor Square were much better ſatisfied with their legacies. Though they breathed not their reſentment ſo loud, yet from the diſcontent which appeared in their countenances, as well as from the following dialogue, we collect that no great pleaſure reigned in their minds.

About an hour after they had left the ſick room. Square met Thwackum in the hall, and accoſted him thus: 'Well, Sir, have you heard any news of your 'friend ſince we parted from him?' 'If you mean 'Mr. Allworthy,' anſwered Thwackum, 'I think 'you might rather give him the appellation of *your* 'friend: for he ſeems to me to have deſerved that 'title.' 'The title is as good on your ſide,' replied Square, 'for his bounty, ſuch as it is, hath been equal 'to both.' 'I ſhould not have mentioned it firſt,' cries Thwackum, 'but ſince you begin, I muſt in-'form you I am of a different opinion. There is a 'wide diſtinction between voluntary favours and 'rewards. The duty I have done in his family, and 'the care I have taken in the education of his two 'boys, are ſervices for which ſome men might have 'expected a greater return. I would not have you 'imagine I am therefore diſſatisfied; for St. Paul

'hath

'hath taught me to be content with the little I have. 'Had the modicum been leſs, I ſhould have known 'my duty. But though the ſcripture obliges me to 'remain contented, it doth not enjoin me to ſhut 'my eyes to my own merit, nor reſtrain me from 'ſeeing, when I am injured by an unjuſt compariſon.' 'Since you provoke me,' returned Square, 'that 'injury is done to me: nor did I ever imagine Mr. 'Allworthy had held my friendſhip ſo light, as to 'put me in balance with one who received his wa-'ges: I know to what it is owing; it proceeds from 'thoſe narrow principles which you have been ſo 'long endeavouring to infuſe into him, in contempt 'of every thing which is great and noble. The 'beauty and lovelineſs of friendſhip is too ſtrong for 'dim eyes, nor can it be perceived by any other me-'dium, than that unerring rule of right, which you 'have ſo often endeavoured to ridicule, that you 'have perverted my friend's underſtanding.' 'I 'wiſh,' cries Thwackum, in a rage, 'I wiſh for the 'ſake of his ſoul, your damnable doctrines have not 'perverted his faith. It is to this I impute his pre-'ſent behaviour ſo unbecoming a chriſtian. Who 'but an atheiſt could think of leaving the world 'without having firſt made up his account? without 'confeſſing his ſins, and receiving that abſolution 'which he knew he had one in the houſe duly au-'thoriſed to give him? He will feel the want of theſe 'neceſſaries when it is too late. When he is arrived 'at that place where there is wailing and gnaſhing of 'teeth; it is then he will find in what mighty ſtead 'that heathen goddeſs, that virtue, which you and 'all other deiſts of the age adore, will ſtand him. 'He will then ſummon his prieſt when there is none 'to be found, and will lament the want of that ab-'ſolution, without which no ſinner can be ſafe.' 'If it be ſo material,' ſays Square, 'Why don't you 'preſent it him of your own accord?' 'It hath no 'virtue,' cries Thwackum, 'but to thoſe who have

'ſufficient

'sufficient grace to require it. But why do I talk 'thus to a heathen and an unbeliever? It is you who 'have taught him this leſſon, for which you have 'been well rewarded in this world, as I doubt not 'your diſciple will ſoon be in the other.' 'I know 'not what you mean by reward,' ſaid Square, 'but 'if you hint at that pitiful memorial of our friend-'ſhip, which he hath thought fit to bequeath me, I 'deſpiſe it; and nothing but the unfortunate ſitua-'tion of my circumſtances ſhould prevail on me to 'accept it.'

The phyſician now arrived, and began to enquire of the two diſputants, 'How we all did above ſtairs?' 'In a miſerable way,' anſwered Thwackum. 'It 'is no more than I expected,' cries the doctor: 'But 'pray what ſymptoms have appeared ſince I left 'you?' 'No good ones, I am afraid,' replied Thwackum; 'after what paſſed at our departure, I 'think there were little hopes.' The bodily phyſi-cian, perhaps, miſunderſtood the curer of ſouls; and before they came to an explanation, Mr. Bliſil came to them with a moſt melancholy countenance, and acquainted them, that he brought ſad news: for that his mother was dead at Saliſbury. That ſhe had been ſeized on the road home with the gout in her head and ſtomach, which had carried her off in a few hours. 'Good-lack-a-day,' ſays the doctor, 'One 'cannot anſwer for events; but I wiſh I had been 'at hand to have been called in. The gout is a di-'ſtemper which it is difficult to treat; yet I have 'been remarkably ſucceſsful in it.' Thwackum and Square both condoled with Mr. Bliſil for the loſs of his mother, which the one adviſed him to bear like a man, and the other like a Chriſtian. The young gentleman ſaid, He knew very well we were all mortal, and he would endeavour to ſubmit to his loſs, as well as he could. That he could not, how-ever, help complaining a little againſt the peculiar ſeverity of his fate, which brought the news of ſo

great

great a calamity to him by ſurprize, and that at a time when he hourly expected the ſevereſt blow he was capable of feeling from the malice of fortune. He ſaid, the preſent occaſion would put to the teſt thoſe excellent rudiments, which he had learnt from Mr. Thwackum and Mr. Square, and it would be entirely owing to them, if he was enabled to ſurvive ſuch misfortunes.

It was now debated whether Mr. Allworthy ſhould be informed of the death of his ſiſter: this the doctor violently oppoſed; in which, I believe, the whole college will agree with him: but Mr. Blifil ſaid, he had received ſuch poſitive and repeated orders from his uncle, never to keep any ſecret from him, for fear of the diſquietude which it might give him, that he durſt not think of diſobedience, whatever might be the conſequence. He ſaid, for his part, conſidering the religious and philoſophic temper of his uncle, he could not agree with the doctor in his apprehenſions. He was therefore reſolved to communicate it to him: for if his uncle recovered, (as he heartily prayed he might) he knew he would never forgive an endeavour to keep a ſecret of this kind from him.

The phyſician was forced to ſubmit to theſe reſolutions, which the two other learned gentlemen very highly commended. So together moved Mr. Blifil and the doctor towards the ſick-room; where the phyſician firſt entered, and approached the bed, in order to feel his patient's pulſe, which he had no ſooner done, than he declared he was much better; that the laſt application had ſucceeded to a miracle, and had brought the fever to intermit: ſo that, he ſaid, there appeared now to be as little danger, as he had before apprehended there were hopes.

To ſay the truth, Mr. Allworthy's ſituation had never been ſo bad, as the great caution of the doctor had repreſented it: but as a wiſe general never

deſpiſes

deſpiſes his enemy, however inferior his force may be, ſo neither doth a wiſe phyſician ever deſpiſe a diſtemper, however inconſiderable. As the former preſerves the ſame ſtrict diſcipline, places the ſame guards, and employs the ſame ſcouts, though the enemy be never ſo weak; ſo the latter maintains the ſame gravity of countenance, and ſhakes his head with the ſame ſignificant air, let the diſtemper be never ſo trifling. And both, among many other good ones, may aſſign this ſolid reaſon for their conduct, that by theſe means the greater glory redounds to them, if they gain the victory; and the leſs diſgrace, if by any unlucky accident they ſhould happen to be conquered.

Mr. Allworthy had no ſooner lifted up his eyes, and thanked heaven for theſe hopes of his recovery than Mr. Blifil drew near, with a very dejected aſpect, and having applied his handkerchief to his eye, either to wipe away his tears, or as Ovid ſomewhere expreſſes himſelf on another occaſion,

Si nullus erit, tamen excute nullum;

'If there be none, wipe away that none.'

he communicated to his uncle what the reader hath been juſt before acquainted with.

Allworthy received the news with concern, with patience, and with reſignation. He dropped a tender tear, then compoſed his countenance, and at laſt cried, 'The Lord's will be done in every thing.'

He now enquired for the meſſenger; but Blifil told him, it had been impoſſible to detain him a moment; for he appeared by the great hurry he was in to have ſome buſineſs of importance on his hands: that he complained of being hurried, and driven and torn out of his life, and repeated many times, that if he could divide himſelf into four quarters, he knew how to diſpoſe of every one.

Allworthy

Allworthy then desired Blifil to take care of the funeral. He said, he would have his sister deposited in his own chapel; and as to the particulars, he left them to his own discretion, only mentioning the person whom he would have employed on this occasion.

CHAP. IX.

Which, among other things, may serve as a comment on that saying of Æschines, That drunkenness shews the mind of a man, as a mirror reflects his person.

THE reader may, perhaps, wonder at hearing nothing of Mr. Jones in the last chapter. In fact, his behaviour was so different from that of the persons therein mentioned, that we chose not to confound his name with theirs.

When the good man had ended his speech, Jones was the last who deserted the room. Thence he retired to his own apartment, to give vent to his concern; but the restlessness of his mind would not suffer him to remain long there; he slipped softly, therefore, to Allworthy's chamber-door, where he listened a considerable time, without hearing any kind of motion within, unless a violent snoring, which at last his fears misrepresented as groans. This so alarmed him, that he could not forbear entering the room; where he found the good man in the bed, in a sweet composed sleep, and his nurse snoring in the above-mentioned hearty manner, at the bed's feet. He immediately took the only method of silencing this thorough-bass, whose music he feared might disturb Mr. Allworthy; and then sitting down by the nurse, he remained motionless till Blifil and the doctor came in together, and waked the sick man, in order that the doctor might feel his pulse, and that the other might communicate to him that piece

piece of news, which, had Jones been apprized of it, would have had great difficulty of finding its way to Mr. Allworthy's ear at such a season.

When he first heard Blifil tell his uncle this story, Jones could hardly contain the wrath which kindled in him at the other's indiscretion, especially as the doctor shook his head, and declared his unwillingness to have the matter mentioned to his patient. But as his passion did not so far deprive him of all use of his understanding, as to hide from him the consequences which any violent expressions towards Blifil might have on the sick, this apprehension stilled his rage, at the present; and he grew afterwards so satisfied with finding that this news had, in fact, produced no mischief, that he suffered his anger to die in his own bosom, without ever mentioning it to Blifil.

The physician dined that day at Mr. Allworthy's; and having after dinner visited his patient, he returned to the company, and told them, that he had now, the satisfaction to say, with assurance, that his patient was out of all danger: that he had brought his fever to a perfect intermission, and doubted not by a throwing in the bark to prevent its return.

This account so pleased Jones, and threw him into such immoderate excess of rapture, that he might be truly said to be drunk with joy. An intoxication which greatly forwards the effects of wine; and as he was very free too with the bottle on this occasion, (for he drank many bumpers to the doctor's health, as well as to other toasts) he became very soon literally drunk.

Jones had naturally violent animal spirits; these being set on float, and augmented by the spirit of wine, produced most extravagant effects. He kissed the doctor, and embraced him with the most passionate endearments; swearing that, next to Mr. Allworthy himself, he loved him of all men living.

'Doctor,'

'Doctor,' added he, 'you deserve a statue to be 'erected to you at the public expence, for having 'preserved a man, who is not only the darling of 'all good men who know him, but a blessing to so-'ciety, the glory of his country, and an honour to 'human nature. D—n me if I don't love him bet-'ter than my own soul.'

'More shame for you,' cries Thwackum; 'though 'I think you have reason to love him, for he hath 'provided very well for you. And, perhaps, it might 'have been better for some folks, that he had not 'lived to see just reason of revoking his gift.'

Jones now, looking on Thwackum with inconceiv-able disdain, answered, 'And doth thy mean soul 'imagine, that any such considerations could weigh 'with me? No, let the earth open and swallow her 'own dirt, (if I had millions of acres, I would say 'it) rather than swallow up my dear glorious friend.'

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam chari capitis? *

The doctor now interposed, and prevented the ef-fects of a wrath which was kindling between Jones and Thwackum; after which the former gave a loose to mirth, sang two or three amorous songs, and fell into every frantic disorder which unbridled joy is apt to inspire: but so far was he from any disposi-tion to quarrel, that he was ten times better humoured, if possible, than when he was sober.

To say truth, nothing is more erroneous than the common observation, That men who are ill-natured and quarrelsome when they are drunk, are very worthy

* 'What modesty or measure can set bounds to 'our desire of so dear a friend!' The word *deside-rium* here cannot be easily translated. It includes our desire of enjoying our friend again, and the grief which attends that desire.

worthy persons when they are sober: for drink, in reality, doth not reverse nature, or create passions in men, which did not exist in them before. It takes away the guard of reason, and consequently forces us to produce those symptoms, which many, when sober, have art enough to conceal. It heightens and inflames our passions, (generally indeed that passion which is uppermost in our mind) so that the angry temper, the amorous, the generous, the good-humoured, the avaricious, and all other dispositions of men, are in their cups heightened and exposed.

And yet as no nation produces so many drunken quarrels, especially among the lower people, as in England; (for, indeed, with them to drink and to fight together, are almost synonymous terms) I would not, methinks, have it thence concluded, that the English are the worst-natured people alive. Perhaps the love of glory only is at the bottom of this; so that the fair conclusion seems to be, that our countrymen have more of that love, and more of bravery, than any other plebeians. And this the rather, as there is seldom any thing ungenerous, unfair, or ill-natured, exercised on those occasions: nay, it is common for the combatants to express good-will for each other, even at the time of the conflict; and as their drunken mirth generally ends in a battle, so do most of their battles end in friendship.

But to return to our history. Though Jones had shewn no design of giving offence, yet Mr. Blifil was highly offended at a behaviour which was so inconsistent with the sober and prudent reserve of his own temper. He bore it too with the greater impatience, as it appeared to him very indecent at this season; 'When,' as he said, 'the house was a house of 'mourning on the account of his dear mother; and 'if it had pleased heaven to give them some pro-'spect of Mr. Allworthy's recovery, it would be-'come them better to express the exultations of their 'hearts in thankfgiving, than in drunkenness and

riots;

'riots; which were properer methods to encrease 'the divine wrath than to avert it.' Thwackum, who had ſwallowed more liquor than Jones, but without any ill effect on his brain, ſeconded the pious harangue of Blifil: but Square, for reaſons which the reader may probably gueſs, was totally ſilent.

Wine had not ſo totally overpowered Jones as to prevent his recollecting Mr. Blifil's loſs, the moment it was mentioned. As no perſon therefore was more ready to confeſs and condemn his own errors, he offered to ſhake Mr. Blifil by the hand, and begged his pardon, ſaying, 'His exceſſive joy for Mr. All-'worthy's recovery had driven every other thought 'out of his mind.'

Blifil ſcornfully rejected his hand; and with much indignation anſwered, 'It was little to be wondered 'at, if tragical ſpectacles made no impreſſion on the 'blind; but, for his part, he had the misfortune to 'know who his parents were, and conſequently 'muſt be affected with their loſs.'

Jones, who, notwithſtanding his good humour, had ſome mixture of the iraſcible in his conſtitution, leaped haſtily from his chair, and catching hold of Blifil's collar, cried out, 'Damn you for a raſcal! 'Do you inſult me with the misfortune of my birth?' He accompanied theſe words with ſuch rough actions, that they ſoon got the better of Mr. Blifil's peaceful temper; and a ſcuffle immediately enſued, which might have produced miſchief, had it not been prevented by the interpoſition of Thwackum and the phyſician; for the philoſophy of Square rendered him ſuperior to all emotions, and he very calmly ſmoaked his pipe, as was his cuſtom in all broils, unleſs when he apprehended ſome danger of having it broke in his mouth.

The combatants being now prevented from executing preſent vengeance on each other, betook themſelves to the common reſources of diſappointed rage, and vented their wrath and threats and defiance. In this kind

kind of conflict, Fortune, which, in the perſonal attack, ſeemed to incline to Jones, was now altogether as favourable to his enemy.

A truce nevertheleſs was at length agreed on, by the mediation of the neutral parties, and the whole company again ſat down at the table; where Jones being prevailed on to aſk pardon, and Blifil to give it, peace was reſtored, and every thing ſeemed *in ſtatu quo*.

But though the quarrel was in all appearance perfectly reconciled, the good humour which had been interrupted by it, was by no means reſtored. All merriment was now at an end, and the ſubſequent diſcourſe conſiſted only of grave relations of matters of fact, and of as grave obſervations upon them. A ſpecies of converſation, in which, though there is much of dignity and inſtruction, there is but little entertainment. As we preſume therefore only to convey this laſt to the reader, we ſhall paſs by whatever was ſaid, till the reſt of the company, having by degrees dropped off, left Square and the phyſician only together; at which time the converſation was a little heightened by ſome comments on what had happened between the two young gentlemen; both of whom the doctor declared to be no better than ſcoundrels; to which appellation the philoſopher, very ſagaciouſly ſhaking his head, agreed.

CHAP. X.

Shewing the truth of many obſervations of Ovid, and of other more grave writers, who have proved beyond contradiction, that wine is often the fore-runner of incontinency.

JONES retired from the company in which we have ſeen him engaged, into the fields, where he intended to cool himſelf by a walk in the open air, before

before he attended Mr. Allworthy. There, whilſt he renewed thoſe meditations on his dear Sophia, which the dangerous illneſs of his friend and benefactor had for ſome time interrupted, an accident happened, which with ſorrow we relate, and with ſorrow, doubtleſs, will it be read; however, that hiſtoric truth to which we profeſs ſo inviolable an attachment, obliges us to communicate it to poſterity.

It was now a pleaſant evening in the latter end of June, when our hero was walking in a moſt delicious grove, where the gentle breezes fanning the leaves, together with the ſweet trilling of a murmuring ſtream, and the melodious notes of nightingales, formed all together the moſt enchanting harmony. In this ſcene, ſo ſweetly accommodated to love, he meditated on his dear Sophia. While his wanton fancy roved unbounded over all her beauties, and his lively imagination painted the charming maid in various raviſhing forms, his warm heart melted with tenderneſs; and at length throwing himſelf on the ground, by the ſide of a gently murmuring brook, he broke forth into the following ejaculation:

'O Sophia, would heaven give thee to my arms, how bleſt would be my condition! curſt be that fortune which ſets a diſtance between us. Was I but poſſeſſed of thee, one only ſuit of rags thy whole eſtate, is there a man on earth whom I would envy! how contemptible would the brighteſt Circaſſian beauty, dreſt in all the jewels of the Indies, appear to my eyes! but why do I mention another woman? could I think my eyes capable of looking at any other with tenderneſs, theſe hands ſhould tear them from my head. No, my Sophia, if cruel fortune ſeparates us for ever, my ſoul ſhall doat on thee alone. The chaſteſt conſtancy will I ever preſerve to thy image. Though I ſhould never have poſſeſſion of thy charming perſon, ſtill ſhalt

thou

'thou alone have poſſeſſion of my thoughts, my 'love, my ſoul. Oh! my fond heart is ſo wrapt in 'that tender boſom, that the brighteſt beauties would 'for me have no charms, nor would a hermit be 'colder in their embraces. Sophia, Sophia alone 'ſhall be mine! What raptures are in that name! 'I will engrave it on every tree.'

At theſe words he ſtarted up, and behold——not his Sophia———no, nor a Circaſſian maid richly and elegantly attired for the grand ſignior's ſeraglio. No; without a gown, in a ſhift that was ſomewhat of the coarſeſt, and none of the cleaneſt, bedewed likewiſe with ſome odoriferous effluvia, the produce of the day's labour, with a pitch-fork in her hand, Molly Seagrim approached. Our hero had his pen-knife in his hand, which he had drawn for the before-mentioned purpoſe, of carving on the bark; when the girl coming near him, cried with a ſmile, 'You 'don't intend to kill me, Squire, I hope!'—'Why 'ſhould you think I would kill you?' anſwered Jones. 'Nay, replied ſhe, 'after your cruel uſage 'of me when I ſaw you laſt, killing me would, 'perhaps, be too great kindneſs for me to ex-'pect.'

Here enſued a parley, which, as I do not think myſelf obliged to relate it, I ſhall omit. It is ſufficient that it laſted a full quarter of an hour, at the concluſion of which they retired into the thickeſt part of the grove.

Some of my readers may be inclined to think this event unnatural. However, the fact is true; and, perhaps, may be ſufficiently accounted for, by ſuggeſting, that Jones probably thought one woman better than none, and Molly as probably imagined two men better than to be one. Beſides the before-mentioned motive aſſigned to the preſent behaviour of Jones, the reader will be likewiſe pleaſed to recollect in his favour, that he was not at this time perfect maſter of that wonderful power of reaſon, which ſo well

well enables grave and wise men to subdue their unruly passions, and to decline any of these prohibited amusements. Wine now had totally subdued this power in Jones. He was, indeed, in a condition, in which if Reason had interposed, though only to advise, she might have received the answer which one Cleostratus gave many years ago to a silly fellow, who asked him, if he was not ashamed to be drunk? 'Are not you,' said Cleostratus, 'ashamed to admonish a drunken man?'——To say the truth, in a court of justice, drunkenness must not be an excuse, yet in a court of conscience it is greatly so; and therefore Aristotle, who commends the laws of Pittacus, by which drunken men received double punishment for their crimes, allows there is more of policy than justice in that law. Now, if there are any transgressions pardonable from drunkenness, they are certainly such as Mr. Jones was at present guilty of; on which head I could pour forth a vast profusion of learning, if I imagined it would either entertain my reader, or teach him any thing more than he knows already. For his sake, therefore, I shall keep my learning to myself, and return to my history.

It hath been observed, that Fortune seldom doth things by halves. To say the truth, there is no end to her freaks whenever she is disposed to gratify or displease. No sooner had our hero retired with his Dido, but

Speluncam Blifil, *dux & divinus eandem*
Deveniunt——

the parson and the young Squire, who were taking a serious walk, arrived at the stile which leads into the grove, and the latter caught a view of the lovers, just as they were sinking out of sight.

Blifil knew Jones very well, though he was at above a hundred yards distance, and he was as positive

tive to the sex of his companion, though not to the individual prerson. He started, blessed himself, and uttered a very solemn ejaculation.

Thwackum expressed some surprize at these sudden emotions, and asked the reason of them. To which Blifil answered, 'He was certain he had seen a fellow and a wench retire together among the bushes, 'which he doubted not was with some wicked pur-'pose.' As to the name of Jones, he thought proper to conceal it; and why he did so, must be left to the judgment of the sagacious reader: for we never chuse to assign motives to the actions of men, when there is any possibility of our being mistaken.

The parson, who was not only strictly chaste in his own person, but a great enemy to the opposite vice in others, fired at this information. He desired Mr. Blifil to conduct him immediately to the place, which as he approached, he breathed forth vengeance mixed with lamentations: nor did he refrain from casting some oblique reflections on Mr. Allworthy; insinuating that the wickedness of the country was principally owing to the encouragement he had given to vice, by having exerted such kindness to a bastard, and by having mitigated that just and wholesome rigour of the law, which allots a very severe punishment to loose wenches.

The way through which our hunters were to pass in pursuit of their game, was so beset with briars, that it greatly obstructed their walk, and caused, besides, such a rustling, that Jones had sufficient warn- of their arrival, before they could surprize him; nay, indeed, so incapable was Thwackum of concealing his indignation, and such vengeance did he mutter forth every step he took, that this alone must have abundantly satisfied Jones, that he was (to use the language of sportsmen) *found sitting*.

CHAP. XI.

In which a ſimile in Mr. Pope's period of a mile, introduces as bloody a battle as can poſſibly be fought, without the aſſiſtance of ſteel or cold iron.

AS in the ſeaſon of rutting (an uncouth phraſe, by which the vulgar denote that gentle dalliance, which in the * well-wooded foreſt of Hampſhire, paſſes between lovers of the ferine kind) if while the lofty creſted ſtag meditates the amorous ſport, a couple of puppies, or any other beaſts of hoſtile note, ſhould wander ſo near the temple of Venus Ferina, that the fair hind ſhould ſhrink from the place, touched with that ſomewhat, either of fear or frolic, of nicety or ſkittiſhneſs with which nature hath bedecked all females, or hath, at leaſt, inſtructed them how to put it on; leſt, through the indelicacy of males, the Samean myſteries ſhould be pryed into by unhallowed eyes: for at the celebration of theſe rites, the female prieſteſs cries out with her in Virgil, (who was then, probably, hard at work on ſuch celebration)

——*Procul, O procul eſte, profani;*
Proclamat vates, totoque abſiſtite luco;

——Far hence be ſouls prophane,
The ſibyl cry'd, and from the grove abſtain.

DRYDEN.

If, I ſay, while theſe ſacred rites, which are in common to *genus omne animantium*, are in agitation between

* This is an ambiguous phraſe, and may mean either a foreſt well clothed with wood, or well ſtript of it.

between the ſtag and his miſtreſs, any hoſtile beaſts ſhould venture too near, on the firſt hint given by the frighted hind, fierce and tremendous ruſhes forth the ſtag to the entrance of the thicket; there ſtands he centinel over his love, ſtamps the ground with his foot, and with his horns brandiſhed aloft in air, proudly provokes the apprehended foe to combat.

Thus, and more terrible, when he perceived the enemy's approach, leapt forth our hero. Many a ſtep advanced he forwards, in order to conceal the trembling hind, and, if poſſible, to ſecure her retreat. And now Thwackum having firſt darted ſome livid lightning from his fiery eyes, began to thunder forth, 'Fie upon it! fie upon it! Mr. Jones. Is it 'poſſible you ſhould be the perſon!'——'You ſee,' anſwered Jones, 'it is poſſible I ſhould be here.'—'And who,' ſaid Thwackum, 'is that wicked ſlut 'with you?'—'If I have any wicked ſlut with me,' cries Jones, 'it is poſſible I ſhall not let you know 'who ſhe is.'—'I command you to tell me immediately,' ſays Thwackum, 'and I would not have 'you imagine, young man, that your age, though it 'hath ſomewhat abridged the purpoſe of tuition, 'hath totally taken away the authority of the maſter. 'The relation of the maſter and ſcholar is indelible, as indeed, all other relations are; for they 'all derive their original from heaven. I would 'have you think yourſelf, therefore, as much obliged 'to obey me now, as when I taught you your firſt 'rudiments.'—'I believe you would,' cries Jones, 'but that will not happen, unleſs you had the ſame 'birchen argument to convince me,'—'Then I muſt 'tell you plainly,' ſaid Thwackum, 'I am reſolved 'to diſcover the wicked wretch.'—'And I muſt tell 'you plainly,' returned Jones, 'I am reſolved you 'ſhall not.' Thwackum then offered to advance, and Jones laid hold of his arms; which Mr. Blifil

endeavoured to reſcue, declaring 'he would not ſee 'his old maſter inſulted.'

Jones now finding himſelf engaged with two, thought it neceſſary to rid himſelf of one of his antagoniſts as ſoon as poſſible. He therefore applied to the weakeſt firſt; and letting the parſon go, he directed a blow at the young Squire's breaſt, which luckily taking place reduced him to meaſure his length on the ground.

Thwackum was ſo intent on the diſcovery, that the moment he found himſelf at liberty, he ſtept forward directly into the fern, without any great conſideration of what might, in the mean time, befal his friend; but he had advanced a very few paces into the thicket before Jones, having defeated Bliſil, overtook the parſon, and dragged him backward by the ſkirt of his coat.

This parſon had been a champion in his youth, and had won much honour by his fiſt, both at ſchool and at the univerſity. He had now indeed for a great number of years declined the practice of that noble art; yet was his courage full as ſtrong as his faith, and his body no leſs ſtrong than either. He was moreover, as the reader may perhaps have conceived, ſomewhat iraſcible in his nature. When he looked back therefore, and ſaw his friend ſtretched out on the ground, and found himſelf at the ſame time ſo roughly handled by one who had formerly been only paſſive in all conflicts between them, (a circumſtance which highly aggravated the whole) his patience at length gave way; he threw himſelf into a poſture of offence, and collecting all his force, attacked Jones in the front, with as much impetuoſity as he had formerly attacked him in the rear.

Our hero received the enemy's attack with the moſt undaunted intrepidity, and his boſom reſounded with the blow. This he preſently returned with no leſs violence, aiming likewiſe at the parſon's breaſt; but he dextrouſly drove down the fiſt of Jones,

Jones, ſo that it reached only his belly, where two pounds of beef and as many of pudding were then depoſited, and whence conſequently no hollow ſound could proceed. Many luſty blows, much more pleaſant as well as eaſy to have ſeen, than to read or deſcribe, were given on both ſides; at laſt a violent fall, in which Jones had thrown his knees into Thwackum's breaſt, ſo weakened the latter, that victory had been no longer dubious, had not Blifil, who had now recovered his ſtrength, again renewed the fight, and by engaging with Jones, given the parſon a moment's time to ſhake his ears, and to regain his breath.

And now both together attacked our hero, whoſe blows did not retain that force with which they had fallen at firſt; ſo weakened was he by his combat with Thwackum: for though the pedagogue choſe rather to play ſolos on the human inſtrument, and had been lately uſed to thoſe only, yet he ſtill retained enough of his antient knowledge to perform his part very well in a duet.

The victory, according to modern cuſtom, was like to be decided by numbers, when on a ſudden a fourth pair of fiſts appeared in the battle, and immediately paid their compliments to the parſon: the owner of them at the ſame time crying out, 'Are 'not you aſhamed, and be damned to you, to fall 'two of you upon one?'

The battle, which was of the kind that for diſtinction's ſake is called ROYAL, now raged with the utmoſt violence during a few minutes; till Blifil being a ſecond time laid ſprawling by Jones, Thwackum condeſcended to apply for quarter to his new antagoniſt, who was now found to be Mr. Weſtern himſelf: for in the heat of the action none of the combatants had recognized him.

In fact, that honeſt Squire, happening in his afternoon's walk with ſome company to paſs through the field where the bloody battle was fought, and having

concluded from seeing three men engaged; that two of them must be on a side, he hastened from his companions, and with more gallantry than policy, espoused the cause of the weaker party. By which generous proceeding, he very probably prevented Mr. Jones from becoming a victim to the wrath of Thwackum, and to the pious friendship which Blifil bore his old master: for besides the disadvantage of such odds, Jones had not yet sufficiently recovered the former strength of his broken arm. This reinforcement, however, soon put an end to the action, and Jones with his ally obtained the victory.

CHAP. XII.

In which is seen a more moving spectacle, than all the blood in the bodies of Thwackum and Blifil, and of twenty other such, is capable of producing.

THE rest of Mr. Western's company were now come up, being just at the instant when the action was over. These were the honest clergyman whom we have formerly seen at Mr. Western's table; Mrs. Western, the aunt of Sophia; and lastly, the lovely Sophia herself.

At this time, the following was the aspect of the bloody field. In one place lay on the ground, all pale and almost breathless, the vanquished Blifil. Near him stood the conqueror Jones, almost covered with blood, part of which was naturally his own, and part had been lately the property of the Reverend Mr. Thwackum. In a third place stood the said Thwackum, like King Porus, sullenly submitting to the conqueror. The last figure in the place was Western *the great*, most gloriously forbearing the vanquished foe.

Blifil, in whom there was little sign of life, was at first the principal object of the concern of every one and

and particularly of Mrs. Weſtern, who had drawn from her pocket a bottle of hartſhorn, and was herſelf about to apply it to his noſtrils; when on a ſudden the attention of the whole company was diverted from poor Blifil, whoſe ſpirit, if it had any ſuch deſign, might have now taken an opportunity of ſtealing off to the other world, without any ceremony.

For now a more melancholy as well as more lovely object lay motionleſs before them. This was no other than the charming Sophia herſelf, who, from the ſight of blood, or from fear for her father, or from ſome other reaſon, had fallen down in a ſwoon, before any one could get to her aſſiſtance.

Mrs. Weſtern firſt ſaw her, and ſcreamed. Immediately two or three voices cried out, 'Miſs 'Weſtern is dead.' Hartſhorn, water, every remedy, were called for, almoſt at one and the ſame inſtant.

The reader may remember, that in our deſcription of this grove, we mentioned a murmuring brook, which brook did not come there, as ſuch gentle ſtreams flow through vulgar romances, with no other purpoſe than to murmur. No; fortune had decreed to ennoble this little brook with a higher honour than any of thoſe which waſh the plains of Arcadia ever deſerved.

Jones was rubbing Blifil's temples: for he began to fear he had given him a blow too much, when the words, Miſs Weſtern and death, ruſhed at once on his ear. He ſtarted up, left Blifil to his fate, and flew to Sophia, whom, while all the reſt were running againſt each other backward and forward looking for water in the dry paths, he caught up in his arms, and then ran away with her over the field to the rivulet abovementioned; where, plunging himſelf into the water, he contrived to beſprinkle her face, head, and neck, very plentifully.

Happy was it for Sophia, that the ſame confuſion which prevented her other friends from ſerv-

ing her, prevented them likewiſe from obſtructing Jones. He had carried her half way before they knew what he was doing, and he had actually reſtored her to life before they reached the water-ſide: ſhe ſtretched out her arms, opened her eyes, and cried, 'Oh, heavens!' juſt as her father, aunt, and the parſon came up.

Jones, who had hitherto held this lovely burthen in his arms, now relinquiſhed his hold; but gave her at the ſame inſtant a tender careſs, which, had her ſenſes been then perfectly reſtored, could not have eſcaped her obſervation. As ſhe expreſſed, therefore, no diſpleaſure at this freeedom, we ſuppoſe ſhe was not ſufficiently recovered from her ſwoon at the time.

This tragical ſcene was now converted into a ſudden ſcene of joy. In this, our hero was, moſt certainly, the principal character; for as he probably felt more extatic delight in having ſaved Sophia, than ſhe herſelf received from being ſaved, ſo neither were the congratulations paid to her equal to what were conferred on Jones, eſpecially by Mr. Weſtern himſelf, who, after having once or twice embraced his daughter, fell to hugging and kiſſing Jones. He called him the preſerver of Sophia, and declared there was nothing, except her, or his eſtate, which he would not give him; but upon recollection, he afterwards excepted his fox-hounds, the Chevalier, and Miſs Slouch, (for ſo he called his favourite mare).

All fears for Sophia being now removed, Jones became the object of the Squire's conſideration. 'Come, my lad,' ſays Weſtern, 'd'*off* thy *quoat*, 'and waſh thy *feace:* for *att* in a deviliſh pickle, 'I promiſe thee. Come, come, waſh thyſelf, and '*ſhat* go *huome* with me; and *we'l zee* to *vind* thee 'another *quoat*.'

Jones immediately complied, threw off his coat, went down to the water, and waſhed both his face and boſom; for the latter was as much expoſed, and

as

as bloody as the former: but though the water could clear off the blood, it could not remove the black and blue marks which Thwackum had imprinted on both his face and breaſt, and which, being diſcerned by Sophia, drew from her a ſigh, and a look full of inexpreſſible tenderneſs.

Jones received this full in his eyes, and it had infinitely a ſtronger effect on him than all the contuſions which he had received before: an effect, however, widely different; for ſo ſoft and balmy was it, that, had all his former blows been ſtabs, it would for ſome minutes have prevented his feeling their ſmart.

The company now moved backwards, and ſoon arrived where Thwackum had got Mr. Blifil again on his legs. Here we cannot ſuppreſs a pious wiſh, that all quarrels were to be decided by thoſe weapons only, with which Nature, knowing what is proper for us, hath ſupplied us; and that cold iron was to be uſed digging no bowels, but thoſe of the earth. Then would war, the paſtime of monarchs, be almoſt inoffenſive, and battles between great armies might be fought at the particular deſire of ſeveral ladies of quality; who, together with the kings themſelves, might be actual ſpectators of the conflict. Then might the field be this moment well ſtrewed with human carcaſſes, and the next, the dead men, or infinitely the greateſt part of them, might get up, like Mr. Bayes's troops, and march off either at the ſound of a drum or fiddle, as ſhould be previouſly agreed on.

I would avoid, if poſſible, treating this matter ludicrouſly, leſt grave men and politicians, whom I know to be offended at a jeſt, may cry piſh at it; but, in reality, might not a battle be as well decided by the greater number of broken heads, bloody noſes, and black eyes, as by the greater heaps of mangled and murdered human bodies? might not towns be contended for in the ſame manner? indeed, this may

be thought too detrimental a ſcheme to the French intereſt, ſince they would thus loſe the advantage they have over other nations, in the ſuperiority of their engineers: but when I conſider the gallantry and generoſity of that people, I am perſuaded they would never decline putting themſelves upon a par with their adverſary; or, as the phraſe is, 'make themſelves his match.'

But ſuch reformations are rather to be wiſhed than hoped for: I ſhall content myſelf, therefore, with this ſhort hint, and return to my narrative.

Weſtern began now to enquire into the original riſe of this quarrel. To which neither Blifil nor Jones gave any anſwer; but Thwackum ſaid ſurlily, 'I believe, 'the cauſe is not far off; if you beat the buſhes well, 'you may find her.'—'Find her!' replied Weſtern, 'what, have you been fighting for a wench?'——— 'Aſk the gentleman in his waiſtcoat there,' ſaid Thwackum, 'he beſt knows.'———'Nay then,' cries Weſtern, 'it is a wench certainly———Ah, 'Tom, Tom! thou art a liquoriſh dog———but 'come, gentlemen, be all friends, and go home with 'me, and make a final peace over a bottle.'—'I aſk 'your pardon, Sir,' ſays Thwackum, 'it is no ſuch 'ſlight matter for a man of my character to be thus 'injuriouſly treated, and buffeted by a boy; only 'becauſe I would have done my duty in endeavouring to detect and bring to juſtice a wanton 'harlot; but, indeed, the principal fault lies in Mr. 'Allworthy and yourſelf: for, if you put the laws 'in execution, as you ought to do, you would ſoon 'rid the country of theſe vermin.'

'I would as ſoon rid the country of foxes,' cries Weſtern. 'I think we ought to encourage the recruiting thoſe numbers which we are every day 'loſing in the war: but where is ſhe?———Prithee, 'Tom, ſhew me.' He then began to beat about, in the ſame language, and in the ſame manner, as if he had been beating for a hare, and at laſt cried out,

'Sôho!

'Soho! puſs is not far off. Here's her form, upon 'my ſoul; I believe I may cry "ſtole away.' And indeed ſo he might: for he had now diſcovered the place whence the poor girl had, at the beginning of the fray, ſtolen away, upon as many feet as a hare generally uſes in travelling.

Sopia now deſired her father to return home; ſaying, ſhe found herſelf very faint, and apprehended a relapſe. The Squire immediately complied with his daughter's requeſt, (for he was the fondeſt of parents). He earneſtly endeavoured to prevail with the whole company to go and ſup with him: but Blifil and Thwackum abſolutely refuſed; the former ſaying, there were more reaſons than he could then mention, why he muſt decline this honour; and the latter declaring (perhaps rightly) that it was not proper for a perſon of his function to be ſeen at any place in his preſent condition.

Jones was incapable of refuſing the pleaſure of being with his Sophia. So on he marched with Squire Weſtern and his ladies, the parſon bringing up the rear. This had, indeed, offered to tarry with his brother Thwackum, profeſſing, his regard for the cloth would not permit him to depart; but Thwackum would not accept the favour, and, with no great civility, puſhed him after Mr Weſtern.

Thus ended this bloody fray; and thus ſhall end the fifth book of this hiſtory.

BOOK

BOOK VI.

Containing about three weeks.

CHAP. I.

Of love.

IN our laſt book we have been obliged to deal pretty much with the paſſion of love; and, in our ſucceeding book, ſhall be forced to handle this ſubject ſtill more largely. It may not, therefore, in this place, be improper to apply ourſelves to the examination of that modern doctrine, by which certain philoſophers, among many other wonderful diſcoveries, pretend to have found out, that there is no ſuch paſſion in the human breaſt.

Whether theſe philoſophers be the ſame with that ſurpriſing ſect, who are honourably mentioned by the late Dr. Swift, as having, by the mere force of genius alone, without the leaſt aſſiſtance of any kind of learning, or even reading, diſcovered that profound and invaluable ſecret, That there was no G—: or whether they are not rather the ſame with thoſe who, ſome years ſince, very much alarmed the world, by ſhewing that there were no ſuch things as virtue or goodneſs really exiſting in human nature, and who deduced our beſt actions from pride, I will not here preſume to determine. In reality, I am inclined to ſuſpect, that all theſe ſeveral finders of truth are the very identical men, who are by others called the 'Finders of gold.' The method uſed in both theſe ſearches after truth and after gold, being indeed one and the ſame; viz. the ſearching, rummaging,

maging, and examining into a naſty place; indeed, in the former inſtances, into the naſtieſt of all places, A BAD MIND.

But though, in this particular, and perhaps in their ſucceſs, the truth-finder, and the gold-finder, may very probably be compared together; yet in modeſty, ſurely, there can be no compariſon between the two; for who ever heard of a gold-finder that had the impudence or folly to aſſert, from the ill ſucceſs of his ſearch, that there was no ſuch thing as gold in the world? Whereas the truth-finder, having raked out that Jakes, his own mind, and being there capable of tracing no ray of divinity, nor any thing virtuous, or good, or lovely, or loving; very fairly, honeſtly, and logically concludes, that no ſuch things exiſt in the whole creation.

To avoid, however, all contention, if poſſible, with theſe philoſophers, if they will be called ſo; and to ſhew our own diſpoſition to accommodate matters peaceably between us, we ſhall here make them ſome conceſſions, which may poſſibly put an end to the diſpute.

Firſt, We will grant that many minds, and perhaps thoſe of the philoſophers, are entirely free from the leaſt traces of ſuch a paſſion.

Secondly, That what is commonly called love, namely, the deſire of ſatisfying a voracious appetite with a certain quantity of delicate white human fleſh, is by no means that paſſion for which I here contend. This is indeed more properly hunger; and as no glutton is aſhamed to apply the word love to his appetite, and to ſay he LOVES ſuch and ſuch diſhes: ſo may the lover of this kind, with equal propriety, ſay, he HUNGERS after ſuch and ſuch women.

Thirdly, I will grant, which I believe will be a moſt acceptable conceſſion, that this love for which I am an advocate, though it ſatisfies itſelf in a much more delicate manner, doth nevertheleſs ſeek its own

own ſatisfaction as much as the groſſeſt of all our appetites.

And, laſtly, That this love, when it operates towards one of a different ſex, is very apt, towards its complete gratification, to call in the aid of that hunger which I have mentioned above; and which it is ſo far from abating, that it heightens all its delights to a degree ſcarce imaginable by thoſe who have never been ſuſceptible of any other emotions, than what have proceeded from appetite alone.

In return to all theſe conceſſions, I deſire of the philoſophers to grant, that there is in ſome (I believe in many) human breaſts, a kind and benevolent diſpoſition, which is gratified by contributing to the happineſs of others. That in this gratification alone, as in friendſhip, in parental and filial affection, and indeed in general philanthrophy, there is a great and exquiſite delight. That if we will not call ſuch diſpoſition love, we have no name for it. That tho' the pleaſures ariſing from ſuch pure love, may be heightened and ſweetened by the aſſiſtance of amorous deſires, yet the former can ſubſiſt alone, nor are they deſtroyed by the intervention of the latter. Laſtly, That eſteem and gratitude are the proper motives to love, as youth and beauty are to deſire; and therefore though ſuch deſire may naturally ceaſe, when age or ſickneſs overtake its object, yet theſe can have no effect on love, nor ever ſhake or remove from a good mind, that ſenſation or paſſion which hath gratitude and eſteem for its baſis.

To deny the exiſtence of a paſſion of which we often ſee manifeſt inſtances, ſeems to be very ſtrange and abſurd, and can indeed proceed only from that ſelf-admonition which we have mentioned above; but how unfair is this? Doth the man who recognizes in his own heart no traces of avarice or ambition, conclude therefore that there are no ſuch paſſions in human nature? Why will we not modeſtly obſerve the ſame rule in judging of the good, as well as the

evil

evil of others? Or why, in any caſe, will we, as Shakeſpear phraſes it, 'put the world in our own 'perſon?'

Predominant vanity is, I am afraid, too much concerned here. This is one inſtance of that adulation which we beſtow on our own minds, and this almoſt univerſally. For there is ſcarce any man, how much ſoever he may deſpiſe the character of a flatterer, but will condeſcend in the meaneſt manner to flatter himſelf.

To thoſe, therefore, I apply for the truth of the above obſervations, whoſe own minds can bear teſtimony to what I have advanced.

Examine your heart, my good reader, and reſolve whether you do believe theſe matters with me. If you do, you may now proceed to their exemplification in the following pages; if you do not, you have, I aſſure you, already read more than you have underſtood; and it would be wiſer to purſue your buſineſs, or your pleaſures, (ſuch as they are) than to throw away any more of your time in reading what you can neither taſte nor comprehend. To treat of the effects of love to you, muſt be as abſurd as to diſcourſe on colours to a man born blind; ſince poſſibly your idea of love may be as abſurd as that which we are told ſuch blind man once entertained of the colour red: that colour ſeemed to him to be very much like the ſound of a trumpet; and love probably may, in your opinion, very greatly reſemble a diſh of ſoup, or a ſirloin of roaſt beef.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

The character of Mrs. Weſtern. Her great learning and knowledge of the world, and an inſtance of the deep penetration which ſhe derived from thoſe advantages.

THE reader hath ſeen Mr. Weſtern, his ſiſter and daughter, with young Jones, and the parſon, going together to Mr. Weſtern's houſe, where the greater part of the company ſpent the evening with much joy and feſtivity. Sophia was indeed the only grave perſon: for as to Jones, though love had now gotten entire poſſeſſion of his heart, yet the pleaſing reflection on Mr. Allworthy's recovery, and the preſence of his miſtreſs, joined to ſome tender looks which ſhe now and then could not refrain from giving him, ſo elevated our hero, that he joined the mirth of the other three, who were perhaps as good-humoured people as any in the world.

Sophia retained the ſame gravity of countenance the next morning at breakfaſt; whence ſhe retired likewiſe earlier than uſual, leaving her father and aunt together. The Squire took no notice of this change in his daughter's diſpoſition. To ſay the truth, though he was ſomewhat of a politician, and had been twice a candidate in the country-intereſt at an election, he was a man of no great obſervation. His ſiſter was a lady of a different turn. She had lived about the court, and had ſeen the world. Hence ſhe had acquired all that knowledge which the ſaid world uſually communicates; and was a perfect miſtreſs of manners, cuſtoms, ceremonies, and faſhions; nor did her erudition ſtop here. She had conſiderably improved her mind by ſtudy: ſhe had not only read all the modern plays, operas, oratorios, poems and romances; in all which ſhe was a critic; but had gone through Rapin's Hiſtory of England, Eachard's

Eachard's Roman Hiſtory, and many French Memoires pour ſervir à l'Hiſtoire; to theſe ſhe had added moſt of the political pamphlets and journals, publiſhed within the laſt twenty years. From which ſhe had attained a very competent ſkill in politics, and could diſcourſe very learnedly on the affairs of Europe. She was moreover excellently well ſkilled in the doctrine of amour, and knew better than any body who and who were together: a knowledge which ſhe the more eaſily attained, as her purſuit of it was never diverted by any affairs of her own: for either ſhe had no inclinations, or they had never been ſollicited; which laſt is indeed very probable: for her maſculine perſon, which was near ſix foot high, added to her manner and learning, poſſibly prevented the other ſex from regarding her, notwithſtanding her petticoats, in the light of a woman. However, as ſhe had conſidered the matter ſcientifically, ſhe perfectly well knew, though ſhe had never practiſed them, all the arts which fine ladies uſe when they deſire to give encouragement, or to conceal liking, with all the long appendage of ſmiles, ogles, glances, &c. as they are at preſent practiſed in the beau-monde. To ſum the whole, no ſpecies of diſguiſe or affectation had eſcaped her notice; but as to the plain ſimple workings of honeſt nature, as ſhe had never ſeen any ſuch, ſhe could know but little of them.

By means of this wonderful ſagacity, Mrs. Weſtern had now, as ſhe thought, made a diſcovery of ſomething in the mind of Sophia. The firſt hint of this ſhe took from the behaviour of the young lady in the field of battle; and the ſuſpicion which ſhe then conceived was greatly corroborated by ſome obſervations which ſhe had made that evening and the next morning. However, being greatly cautious to avoid being found in a miſtake, ſhe carried the ſecret a whole fortnight in her boſom, giving only ſome oblique hints, by ſimperings, winks, nods, and now

and

and then dropping an obſcure word, which, indeed, ſufficiently alarmed Sophia, but did not at all affect her brother.

Being at length, however, thoroughly ſatisfied of the truth of her obſervation, ſhe took an opportunity one morning, when ſhe was alone with her brother, to interrupt one of his whiſtles in the following manner:

'Pray, brother, have you not obſerved ſomething 'very extraordinary in my niece lately?' No, not 'I,' anſwered Weſtern, 'Is any thing the matter 'with the girl?' 'I think there is,' replies ſhe, 'and ſomething of much conſequence too.' 'Why, 'ſhe doth not complain of any thing,' cries Weſtern,' 'and ſhe hath had the ſmall-pox.' 'Brother, returned ſhe, 'girls are liable to other diſtempers 'beſides the ſmall-pox, and ſometimes poſſibly to 'much worſe.' Here Weſtern interrupted her with much earneſtneſs, and begged her, if any thing ailed his daughter, to acquaint him immediately, adding, 'ſhe knew he loved her more than his own ſoul, and 'that he would ſend to the world's end for the beſt 'phyſician to her.' 'Nay, nay,' anſwered ſhe, ſmiling, 'the diſtemper is not ſo terrible; but I believe, brother, you are convinced I know the 'world, and I promiſe you I was never more deceived in my life, if my niece be not moſt deſperately in love.' 'How! in love,' cries Weſtern, in a paſſion, 'in love without acquainting me! I'll 'diſinherit her; I'll turn her out of doors, ſtark-'naked, without a farthing. Is all my kindneſs vor 'ur, and vondneſs o'ur come to this, to fall in love 'without aſking me leave!' 'But you will not,' anſwered Mrs. Weſtern, 'turn this daughter, whom 'you love better than your own ſoul, out of doors, 'before you know whether you ſhall approve her 'choice. Suppoſe ſhe ſhould have fixed on the very 'perſon whom you yourſelf would wiſh, I hope you 'would not be angry then?' 'No, no,' cries Weſ-

'tern,

'tern, 'that would make a difference. If ſhe mar-
'ries the man I would ha' her, ſhe may love whom
'ſhe pleaſes: I ſhan't trouble my head about that.'
'That is ſpoken,' anſwered the ſiſter, 'like a ſenſi-
'ble man: but I believe the very perſon ſhe hath
'choſen, would be the very perſon you would chuſe
'for her. I will diſclaim all knowledge of the
'world if it is not ſo; and I believe, brother, you
'will allow I have ſome.' 'Why, lookee, ſiſter,'
ſaid Weſtern, 'I do believe you have as much as any
'woman; and to be ſure thoſe are women's matters.
'You know I don't love to hear you talk about po-
'litics; they belong to us, and petticoats ſhould not
'meddle: but come, who is the man?' 'Marry!'
ſaid ſhe, 'you may find him out yourſelf, if you
'pleaſe. You who are ſo great a politician, can be
'at no great loſs. The judgment which can pene-
'trate into the cabinets of princes, and diſcover the
'ſecret ſprings which move the great ſtate-wheels in
'all the political machines of Europe, muſt ſurely,
'with very little difficulty, find out what paſſes in
'the rude uninformed mind of a girl.' 'Siſter,'
cries the Squire, 'I have often warned you not to
'talk the court gibberiſh to me. I tell you I don't
'underſtand the lingo; but I can read a Journal, or
'the London Evening Poſt. Perhaps, indeed, there
'may be now and tan a verſe which I can't make
'much of, becauſe half the letters are left out; yet I
'know very well what is meant by that, and that
'our affairs don't go ſo well as they ſhould do, be-
'cauſe of bribery and corruption.' 'I pity your
'country ignorance from my heart,' cries the Lady.
'Do you?' anſwered Weſtern, 'and I pity your
'town learning; I had rather be any thing than a
'courtier, and a preſbyterian, and a Hanoverian too,
'as ſome people, I believe, are.' 'If you mean
'me,' anſwered ſhe, 'you know I am a woman,
'brother; and it ſignifies nothing what I am. Be-
'ſides——' 'I do know you are a woman,' cries

the

the Squire, 'and it's well for thee that *at* one; if 'hadſt been a man, I promiſe thee I had lent thee a '*flick* long ago.' 'Ay there,' ſaid ſhe, 'in that '*flick* lies all your fancied ſuperiority. Your bo-'dies, and not your brains, are ſtronger than ours. 'Believe me, it is well for you that you are able to 'beat us; or, ſuch is the ſuperiority of our under-'ſtanding, we ſhould make all of you what the 'brave, and wiſe, and witty, and polite are already, '—our ſlaves.' 'I am glad I know your mind,' anſwered the Squire, 'but we'll talk more of this 'matter another time. At preſent, do tell me what 'man it is you mean about my daughter.' Hold a 'moment,' ſaid ſhe, 'while I digeſt that ſovereign 'contempt I have for your ſex; or elſe I ought to 'be too angry with you. There——— I have made 'a ſhift to gulp it down. And now, good politic 'Sir, what think you of Mr. Bliſil? Did ſhe not 'faint away on ſeeing him lie breathleſs on the 'ground? Did ſhe not, after he was recovered, 'turn pale again the moment we came up to that 'part of the field where he ſtood? And pray, what 'elſe ſhould be the occaſion of all her melancholy 'that night at ſupper, the next morning, and indeed 'ever ſince?' 'Fore George!' cries the Squire, 'now you mind me on't, I remember it all. It is 'certainly ſo, and I am glad on't, with all my heart. 'I knew Sophy was a good girl, and would not fall 'in love to make me angry. I was never more re-'joiced in my life: for nothing can lie ſo handy to-'gether as our two eſtates. I had this matter in my 'head ſome time ago; for certainly the two eſtates 'are in a manner joined together in matrimony al-'ready, and it would be a thouſand pities to part 'them. It is true, indeed, there be larger eſtates 'in the kingdom, but not in this county, and I had 'rather bate ſomething, than marry my daughter 'among ſtrangers and foreigners. Beſides, moſt 'o'ſuch great eſtates be in the hands of Lords, and I

'heate

'heate the very name of *themmun*. Well, but, ſiſter, what would you adviſe me to do: for I tell you, women know theſe matters better than we do?' 'O your humble ſervant, Sir,' anſwered the Lady, 'we are obliged to you for allowing us a capacity in any thing. Since you are pleaſed then, moſt politic Sir, to aſk my advice, I think you may propoſe the match to Allworthy yourſelf.—There is no indecorum in the propoſals coming from the parent of either ſide. King Alcinous, in Mr. Pope's Odyſſey, offers his daughter to Ulyſſes. I need not caution ſo politic a perſon not to ſay that your daughter is in love; that would indeed be againſt all rules.' 'Well,' ſaid the Squire, 'I will propoſe it; but I ſhall certainly lend un a *flick*, if he ſhould refuſe me.' 'Fear not,' cries Mrs. Weſtern, 'the match is too advantageous to be refuſed.' 'I don't know that,' anſwered the Squire, 'Allworthy is a queer b—ch, and money hath no effect o'un.' 'Brother, ſaid the lady, 'your politics aſtoniſh me. Are you really to be impoſed on by profeſſions? Do you think Mr. Allworthy hath more contempt for money than other men, becauſe he profeſſes more? Such credulity would better become one of us weak women, than that wiſe ſex which heaven hath formed for politicians. Indeed, brother, you would make a fine plenipo' to negotiate with the French. They would ſoon perſuade you, that they take towns out of mere defenſive principles.' 'Siſter,' anſwered the Squire with much ſcorn, 'let your friends at court anſwer for the towns taken; as you are a woman, I ſhall lay no blame upon you: for I ſuppoſe they are wiſer than to truſt women with their ſecrets.' He accompanied this with ſo ſarcaſtical a laugh, that Mrs. Weſtern could bear no longer. She had been all this time fretted in a tender part, (for ſhe was indeed very deeply ſkilled in theſe matters, and very violent in them) and therefore burſt

forth

forth in a rage, declared her brother to be both a clown and a blockhead, and that she would stay no longer in his house.

The Squire, though perhaps he had never read Machiavel, was, however, in many points, a perfect politician. He strongly held all those wise tenets, which are so well inculcated in that politico-peripatetic school of Exchange-Alley. He knew the just value and only use of money, *viz.* to lay it up. He was likewise well skilled in the exact value of reversions, expectations, *&c.* and had often considered the amount of his sister's fortune, and the chance which he or his posterity had of inheriting it. This he was infinitely too wise to sacrifice to a trifling resentment. When he found, therefore, he had carried matters too far, he began to think of reconciling them; which was no very difficult task, as the lady had great affection for her brother, and still greater for her niece; and though too susceptible of an affront offered to her skill in politics, on which she much valued herself, was a woman of a very extraordinary good and sweet disposition.

Having first, therefore, laid violent hands on the horses, for whose escape from the stable no place but the window was left open; he next applied himself to his sister, softened and soothed her, by saying all he had said, and by assertions directly contrary to those which had incensed her. Lastly, he summoned the eloquence of Sophia to his assistance, who, besides a most graceful and winning address, had the advantage of being heard with great favour and partiality by her aunt.

The result of the whole was a kind smile from Mrs. Western, who said, 'Brother, you are absolutely a 'perfect *Croat*; but as those have their use in the 'army of the Empress Queen, so you likewise have 'some good in you. I will therefore once more 'sign a treaty of peace with you, and see that you do not infringe it on your side; at least, as you

'are

'are so excellent a politician, I may expect you will 'keep your leagues, like the French, till your inte-'rest calls upon you to break them.'

CHAP. III.

Containing two defiances to the critics.

THE Squire having settled matters with his sister, as we have seen in the last chapter, was so greatly impatient to communicate the proposal to Allworthy, that Mrs. Western had the utmost difficulty to prevent him from visiting that gentleman in his sickness for this purpose.

Mr. Allworthy had been engaged to dine with Mr. Western at the time when he was taken ill. He was, therefore, no sooner discharged out of the custody of physic, but he thought (as was usual with him on all occasions, both the highest and the lowest) of fulfilling his engagement.

In the interval between the time of the dialogue in the last chapter, and this day of public entertainment, Sophia had, from certain obscure hints thrown out by her aunt, collected some apprehension that the sagacious lady suspected her passion for Jones. She now resolved to take this opportunity of wiping out all such suspicion, and for that purpose to put an entire constraint on her behaviour.

First, she endeavoured to conceal a throbbing melancholy heart with the utmost sprightliness in her countenance, and the highest gaiety in her manner. Secondly, she addressed her whole discourse to Mr. Blifil, and took not the least notice of poor Jones the whole day.

The Squire was so delighted with this conduct of his daughter, that he scarce eat any dinner, and spent almost his whole time in watching opportunities of conveying signs of his approbation by winks and nods

to his ſiſter; who was not at firſt altogether ſo pleaſed with what ſhe ſaw as was her brother.

In ſhort, Sophia ſo greatly overacted her part, that her aunt was at firſt ſtaggered, and began to ſuſpect ſome affectation in her niece; but as ſhe was herſelf a woman of great art, ſo ſhe ſoon attributed this to extreme art in Sophia. She remembered the many hints ſhe had given her niece concerning her being in love, and imagined the young lady had taken this way to rally her out of her opinion, by an overacted civility; a notion that was greatly corroborated by the exceſſive gaiety with which the whole was accompanied. We cannot here avoid remarking that this conjecture would have been better founded, had Sophia lived ten years in the air of Groſvenor-Square, where young ladies do learn a wonderful knack of rallying and playing with that paſſion, which is a mighty ſerious thing in woods and groves, an hundred miles diſtant from London.

To ſay the truth, in diſcovering the deceit of others, it matters much that our own art be wound up, if I may uſe the expreſſion, in the ſame key with theirs; for very artful men ſometimes miſcarry by fancying others wiſer, or, in other words, greater knaves than they really are. As this obſervation is pretty deep, I will illuſtrate it by the following ſhort ſtory. Three countrymen were purſuing a Wiltſhire thief through Brentford. The ſimpleſt of them ſeeing the Wiltſhire Houſe written under a ſign, adviſed his companions to enter it, for there moſt probably they would find their countryman. The ſecond, who was wiſer, laughed at this ſimplicity; but the third, who was wiſer ſtill, anſwered, 'Let us go in, 'however, for he may think we ſhould not ſuſpect 'him of going amongſt his own countrymen.' They accordingly went in and ſearched the houſe, and by that means miſſed overtaking the thief, who was, at that time, but a little way before them; and who, as they all knew, but had never once reflected, could not read.

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The reader will pardon a digreſſion in which ſo invaluable a ſecret is communicated, ſince every gameſter will agree how neceſſary it is to know exactly the play of another, in order to countermine him. This will, moreover, afford a reaſon why the wiſer man, as is often ſeen, is the bubble of the weaker, and why many ſimple and innocent characters are ſo generally miſunderſtood and miſrepreſented; but what is moſt material, this will account for the deceit which Sophia put on her politic aunt.

Dinner being ended, and the company retired into the garden, Mr. Weſtern, who was thoroughly convinced of the certainty of what his ſiſter had told him, took Mr. Allworthy aſide, and very bluntly propoſed a match between Sophia and young Mr. Blifil.

Mr. Allworthy was not one of thoſe men, whoſe hearts flutter at any unexpected and ſudden tidings of worldly profit. His mind was, indeed, tempered with that philoſophy which becomes a man and a chriſtian. He affected no abſolute ſuperiority to all pleaſure and pain, to all joy and grief; but was not at the ſame time to be diſcompoſed and ruffled by every accidental blaſt; by every ſmile or frown of fortune. He received, therefore, Mr. Weſtern's propoſal without any viſible emotion, or without any alteration of countenance. He ſaid, the alliance was ſuch as he ſincerely wiſhed; then launched forth into a very juſt encomium on the young lady's merit; acknowledged the offer to be advantageous in point of fortune; and after thanking Mr. Weſtern for the good opinion he had profeſſed for his nephew, concluded, that if the young people liked each other, he ſhould be very deſirous to complete the affair.

Weſtern was a little diſappointed at Mr. Allworthy's anſwer; which was not ſo warm as he expected. He treated the doubt whether the young people might like one other, with great contempt; ſaying, 'That parents were the beſt judges of proper

'matches for their children; that for his part, he 'ſhould inſiſt on the moſt reſigned obedience from 'his daughter; and if any young fellow could re'fuſe ſuch a bedfellow, he was his humble ſervant, 'and hoped there was no harm done.'

Allworthy endeavoured to ſoften this reſentment by many eulogiums on Sophia; declaring, he had no doubt but that Mr. Blifil would very gladly receive the offer: but all was ineffectual; he could obtain no other anſwer from the Squire but—'I ſay no more— 'I humbly hope there's no harm done — that's all.' Which words he repeated, at leaſt, a hundred times before they parted.

Allworthy was too well acquainted with his neighbour to be offended at this behaviour; and though he was ſo averſe to the rigour which ſome parents exerciſe on their children in the article of marriage, that he had reſolved never to force his nephew's inclinations, he was nevertheleſs much pleaſed with the proſpect of this union: for the whole country ſurſounded the praiſes of Sophia, and he had himſelf greatly admired the uncommon endowments of both her mind and perſon. To which, I believe, we may add, the conſideration of her vaſt fortune, which, though he was too ſober to be intoxicated with it, he was too ſenſible to deſpiſe.

And here, in defiance of all the barking critics in the world, I muſt and will introduce a digreſſion concerning true wiſdom, of which Mr. Allworthy was in reality as great a pattern as he was of goodneſs.

True wiſdom then, notwithſtanding all which Mr. Hogarth's poor poet may have writ againſt riches, and in ſpite of all which any rich, well-fed divine may have preached againſt pleaſure, conſiſts not in the contempt of either of theſe. A man may have as much wiſdom in the poſſeſſion of an affluent fortune as any beggar in the ſtreets; or may enjoy a handſome wife or a hearty friend, and ſtill remain as wiſe as

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any four popiſh recluſe, who buries all his ſocial faculties, and ſtarves his belly while he well laſhes his back.

To ſay truth, the wiſeſt man is the likelieſt to poſſeſs all worldly bleſſings in an eminent degree: for as that moderation which wiſdom preſcribes is the ſureſt way to uſeful wealth; ſo can it alone qualify us to taſte many pleaſures. The wiſe man gratifies every appetite and every paſſion, while the fool ſacrifies all the reſt to pall and ſatiate one.

It may be objected, that very wiſe men have been notoriouſly avaricious. I anſwer, Not in that inſtance. It may likewiſe be ſaid, that the wiſeſt men have been, in their youth, immoderately fond of pleaſure. I anſwer, They were not wiſe then.

Wiſdom, in ſhort, whoſe leſſons have been repreſented as ſo hard to learn by thoſe who never were at her ſchool, teaches us only to extend a ſimple maxim univerſally known and followed even in the loweſt life, a little farther than that life carries it. And this is not to buy at too dear a price.

Now, whoever takes this maxim abroad with him into the grand market of the world, and conſtantly applies it to honours, to riches, to pleaſures, and to every other commodity which that market affords, is, I will venture to affirm, a wiſe man; and muſt be ſo acknowledged in the worldly ſenſe of the word: for he makes the beſt of bargains; ſince in reality he purchaſes every thing at the price only of a little trouble, and carries home all the good things I have mentioned, while he keeps his health, his innocence, and his reputation, the common prices which are paid for them by others, entire and to himſelf.

From this moderation, likewiſe, he learns two other leſſons, which complete his character. Firſt, never to be intoxicated when he hath made the beſt bargain, nor dejected when the market is empty,

or when its commodities are too dear for his purchaſe.

But I muſt remember on what ſubject I am writing, and not treſpaſs too far on the patience of a good-natured critic. Here, therefore, I put an end to the chapter.

CHAP. IV.

Containing ſundry curious matters.

AS ſoon as Mr. Alworthy returned home, he took Mr. Blifil apart, and after ſome preface, communicated to him the propoſal which had been made by Mr. Weſtern, and, at the ſame time, informed him how agreeable this match would be to himſelf.

The charms of Sophia had not made the leaſt impreſſion on Blifil; not that his heart was pre-engaged; neither was he totally inſenſible of beauty, or had any averſion to women: but his appetites were by nature ſo moderate, that he was eaſily able, by philoſophy or by ſtudy, or by ſome other method, to ſubdue them; and as to that paſſion which we have treated of in the firſt chapter of this book, he had not the leaſt tincture of it in his whole compoſition.

But though he was ſo entirely free from that mixed paſſion of which we there treated, and of which the virtues and beauty of Sophia formed ſo notable an object; yet was he altogether as well furniſhed with ſome other paſſions, that promiſed themſelves very full gratification in the young lady's fortune. Such were avarice and ambition, which divided the dominion of his mind between them. He had more than once conſidered the poſſeſſion of this fortune as a very deſirable thing, and had entertained ſome diſtant views concerning it; but his own youth and

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that of the young lady, and indeed principally a reflection that Mr. Weſtern might marry again, and have more children, had reſtrained him from too haſty or eager a purſuit.

This laſt and moſt material objection was now in great meaſure removed, as the propoſal came from Mr. Weſtern himſelf. Blifil, therefore, after a very ſhort heſitation, anſwered Mr. Allworthy, that matrimony was a ſubject on which he had not yet thought; but that he was ſo ſenſible of his friendly and fatherly care, that he ſhould in all things ſubmit himſelf to his pleaſure.

Allworthy was naturally a man of ſpirit, and his preſent gravity aroſe from true wiſdom and philoſophy, not from any original phlegm in his diſpoſition: for he had poſſeſſed much fire in his youth, and had married a beautiful woman for love. He was not, therefore, greatly pleaſed with this cold anſwer of his nephew; nor could he help launching forth into the praiſes of Sophia, and expreſſing ſome wonder that the heart of a young man could be impregnable to the force of ſuch charms, unleſs it was guarded by ſome prior affection.

Blifil aſſured him he had no ſuch guard; and then proceeded to diſcourſe ſo wiſely and religiouſly on love and marriage, that he would have ſtopt the mouth of a parent, much leſs devoutly inclined than was his uncle. In the end, the good man was ſatisfied that his nephew, far from having any objections to Sophia, had that eſteem for her, which in ſober and virtuous minds is the ſure foundation of friendſhip and love. And as he doubted not but the lover would, in a little time, become altogether as agreeable to his miſtreſs, he foreſaw great happineſs ariſing to all parties by ſo proper and deſirable an union. With Mr. Blifil's conſent, therefore, he wrote the next morning to Mr. Weſtern, acquainting him that his nephew had very thankfully and gladly received the propoſal, and would be ready to wait on the young

lady, whenever ſhe ſhould be pleaſed to accept his viſit.

Weſtern was much pleaſed with this letter, and immediately returned an anſwer; in which without having mentioned a word to his daughter, he appointed that very afternoon for opening the ſcene of courtſhip.

As ſoon as he had diſpatched this meſſenger, he went in queſt of his ſiſter, whom he found reading and expounding the Gazette to parſon Supple. To this expoſition he was obliged to attend near a quarter of an hour, though with great violence to his natural impetuoſity, before he was ſuffered to ſpeak. At length, however, he found an opportunity of acquainting the lady, that he had buſineſs of great conſequence to impart to her; to which ſhe anſwered, 'Brother, I 'am entirely at your ſervice. Things look ſo well 'in the north, that I never was in a better hu-'mour.'

The parſon then withdrawing, Weſtern acquainted her with all which had paſſed, and deſired her to communicate the affair to Sophia, which ſhe readily and chearfully undertook; though perhaps her brother was a little obliged to that agreeable northern aſpect which had ſo delighted her, that he heard no comment on his proceedings: for they were certainly ſomewhat too haſty and violent.

CHAP. V.

In which is related what paſſed between Sophia and her aunt.

SOPHIA was in her chamber reading, when her aunt came in. The moment ſhe ſaw Mrs. Weſtern, ſhe ſhut the book with ſo much eagerneſs, that the good lady could not forbear aſking her, What book that was which ſhe ſeemed ſo much afraid of ſhewing?

ſhewing? 'Upon my word, Madam,' anſwered Sophia, 'it is a book which I am neither aſhamed 'nor afraid to own I have read. It is the produc-'tion of a young lady of faſhion, whoſe good under-'ſtanding, I think, doth honour to her ſex, and 'whoſe good heart is an honour to human nature.' Mrs. Weſtern then took up the book, and immediately after threw it down, ſaying—'Yes, the author 'is of a very good family; but ſhe is not much 'among people one knows. I have never read it; 'for the beſt judges ſay, there is not much in it.' 'I dare not, Madam, ſet up my own opinion,' ſays Sophia, 'againſt the beſt judges; but there appears 'to me a great deal of human nature in it, and in 'many parts, ſo much true tenderneſs and delicacy, 'that it hath coſt me many a tear.' 'Ay, and do 'you love to cry then?' ſays the aunt. 'I love a 'tender ſenſation,' anſwered the niece, 'and would 'pay the price of a tear for it at any time.' 'Well, 'but ſhew me,' ſaid the aunt, 'what you was read-'ing when I came in; there was ſomething very 'tender in that, I believe, and very loving too. 'You bluſh, my dear Sophia. Ah! Child, you 'ſhould read books, which would teach you a little 'hypocriſy, which would inſtruct you how to hide 'your thoughts a little better' 'I hope, Madam, anſwered Sophia, 'I have no thoughts which I ought 'to be aſhamed of diſcovering.' 'Aſhamed! no,' cries the aunt, 'I don't think you have any thoughts 'which you ought to be aſhamed of: and yet, 'child, you bluſhed juſt now when I mentioned the 'word *loving*. Dear Sophy, be aſſured you have 'not one thought which I am not well acquainted 'with; as well, child, as the French are with our 'motions, long before we put them in execution. 'Did you think, child, becauſe you have been able 'to impoſe upon your father, that you could impoſe 'upon me? Do you imagine I did not know the 'reaſon of your over-acting all that friendſhip for

'Mr. Blifil yeſterday? I have ſeen a little too much 'of the world, to be ſo deceived. Nay, nay, do not 'bluſh again. I tell you it is a paſſion you need not 'be aſhamed of.—It is a paſſion I myſelf approve, 'and have already brought your father into the ap- 'probation of it. Indeed, I ſolely conſider your in- 'clination; for I would always have that gratified, 'if poſſible, though one may ſacrifice higher proſ- 'pects. Come, I have news which will delight 'your very ſoul. Make me your confident, and I 'will undertake you ſhall be happy to the very ex- 'tent of your wiſhes.' 'La, Madam,' ſays Sophia, looking more fooliſhly than ever ſhe did in her life, 'I know not what to ſay—Why, Madam, ſhould 'you ſuſpect?"—'Nay, no diſhoneſty,' returned Mrs. Weſtern. 'Conſider, you are ſpeaking to one 'of your own ſex, to an aunt, and I hope you are 'convinced you ſpeak to a friend. Conſider, you 'are only revealing to me what I know already, 'and what I plainly ſaw yeſterday through that moſt 'artful of all diſguiſes, which you had put on, and 'which muſt have deceived any one who had not 'perfectly known the world. Laſtly, conſider it is 'a paſſion which I highly approve.' 'La, Ma- 'dam,' ſays Sophia, 'you come upon one ſo una- 'wares, and on a ſudden. To be ſure, Madam, I am 'not blind—and certainly, if it be a fault to ſee all 'human perfections aſſembled together—But is it 'poſſible my father and you, Madam, can ſee with 'my eyes?' 'I tell you,' anſwered the aunt, 'we 'do entirely approve; and this very afternoon your 'father hath appointed for you to receive your lover.' 'My father, this afternoon!' cries Sophia, with the blood ſtarting from her face.—'Yes, child,' ſaid the aunt, 'this afternoon. You know the impetuoſity of 'my brother's temper. I acquainted him with the 'paſſion which I firſt diſcovered in you that evening 'when you fainted away in the field. I ſaw it in 'your fainting. I ſaw it immediately upon your re-

'covery.

'covery. I saw it that evening at supper, and the 'next morning at breakfast: (you know, child, I 'have seen the world.) Well, I no sooner acquainted my brother, but he immediately wanted to propose it to Allworthy. He proposed it yesterday; 'Allworthy consented, (as to be sure he must with 'joy) and this afternoon, I tell you, you are to put 'on all your best airs.' 'This afternoon!' cries Sophia. 'Dear aunt, you frighten me out of my 'senses.' 'O, my dear,' said the aunt, 'you will 'soon come to yourself again: for he is a charming 'young fellow, that's the truth on't.' 'Nay, I will 'own,' says Sophia, 'I know none with such perfections. So brave, and yet so gentle; so witty, 'yet so inoffensive: so humane, so civil, so genteel, 'so handsome! What signifies his being base-born, 'when compared with such qualifications as these?' 'Base born! What do you mean?' said the aunt, 'Mr. Blifil base-born!' Sophia turned instantly pale at this name, and faintly repeated it. Upon which the aunt cried, 'Mr. Blifil, ay Mr. Blifil; of whom 'else have we been talking?' 'Good Heavens!' answered Sophia, ready to sink, 'of Mr. Jones, I 'thought; I am sure I know no other who de'serves——' I protest,' cries the aunt, 'you frighten 'me in your turn. Is it Mr. Jones, and not Mr. 'Blifil, who is the object of your affection?' 'Mr. 'Blifil!' repeated Sophia. 'Sure it is impossible 'you can be in earnest; if you are, I am the most 'miserable woman alive.' Mrs. Western now stood a few moments silent, while sparks of fiery rage flashed from her eyes. At length, collecting all her force of voice, she thundered forth in the following articulate sounds:

'And is it possible you can think of disgracing your family by allying yourself to a bastard? Can 'the blood of the Westerns submit to such contami'nation! if you have not sense sufficient to restrain 'such monstrous inclinations, I thought the pride of

'our family would have prevented you from giving 'the leaſt encouragement to ſo baſe an action; much 'leſs did I imagine you would ever have had the 'aſſurance to own it to my face.'

'Madam,' anſwered Sophia, trembling, 'what I 'have ſaid, you have extorted from me. I do not 'remember to have ever mentioned the name of Mr. 'Jones, with approbation, to any one before; nor 'ſhould I now, had I not conceived he had your 'approbation. Whatever were my thoughts of that 'poor unhappy young man, I intended to have car-'ried them with me to my grave—To that grave 'where now, I find, I am only to ſeek repoſe.'—Here ſhe ſunk down in her chair, drowned in her tears, and, in all the moving ſilence of unutterable grief, preſented a ſpectacle which muſt have affected almoſt the hardeſt heart.

All this tender ſorrow, however, raiſed no compaſſion in her aunt. On the contrary, ſhe now fell into the moſt violent rage—'And I would rather,' ſhe cried, in a moſt vehement voice, 'follow you to 'the grave, than I would ſee you diſgrace yourſelf 'and your family by ſuch a match. O Heavens! 'could I have ever ſuſpected that I ſhould live to 'hear a niece of mine declare a paſſion for ſuch a 'fellow? You are the firſt—yes, Miſs Weſtern, you 'are the firſt of your name who ever entertained ſo 'grovelling a thought. A family ſo noted for the 'prudence of its women'—Here ſhe run on a full quarter of an hour, till having exhauſted her breath rather than her rage, ſhe concluded with threatning to go immediately and acquaint her brother.

Sophia then threw herſelf at her feet, and laying hold of her hands, 'begged her, with tears, to con-'ceal what ſhe had drawn from her; urging the 'violence of her father's temper, and proteſting that 'no inclinations of hers ſhould ever prevail with 'her to do any thing which might offend him.'

Mrs. Weſtern ſtood a moment looking at her, and

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then having recollected herself, said, 'that on one 'consideration only she would keep the secret from 'her brother; and this was, that Sophia should pro-'mise to entertain Mr. Blifil that very afternoon as 'her lover, and to regard him as the person who 'was to be her husband.'

Poor Sophia was too much in her aunt's power to deny her any thing positively: she was obliged to promise that she would see Mr. Blifil, and be as civil to him as possible; but begged her aunt that the match might not be hurried on. She said, 'Mr. 'Blifil was by no means agreeable to her, and she 'hoped her father would be prevailed on not to 'make her the most wretched of women.'

Mrs. Western assured her, 'that the match was en-'tirely agreed upon, and that nothing could or 'should prevent it.' 'I must own,' said she, 'I 'looked on it as on a matter of indifference; nay, 'perhaps, had some scruples about it before, which 'were actually got over by my thinking it highly 'agreeable to your own inclinations; but now I re-'gard it as the most eligible thing in the world; nor 'shall there be, if I can prevent it, a moment of 'time lost on the occasion.'

Sophia replied, 'Delay at least, Madam, I may ex-'pect from both your goodness and my father's. 'Surely you will give me time to endeavour to get 'the better of so strong a disinclination as I have at 'present to this person.'

The aunt answered, 'She knew too much of the 'world to be so deceived; that as she was sensible 'another man had her affections, she should persuade 'Mr. Western to hasten the match as much as possi-'ble. It would be bad politics indeed,' added she, 'to protract a siege when the enemy's army is at 'hand, and in danger of relieving it. No, no, So-'phy,' said she, 'as I am convinced you have a vio-'lent passion, which you can never satisfy with ho-'nour, I will do all I can to put your honour out of

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'the care of your family: for when you are married, 'thoſe matters will belong only to the conſideration 'of your huſband. I hope, child, you will always 'have prudence enough to act as becomes you; but 'if you ſhould not, marriage hath ſaved many a wo-'man from ruin.'

Sophia well underſtood what her aunt meant; but did not think proper to make her an anſwer. However, ſhe took a reſolution to ſee Mr. Blifil, and to behave to him as civilly as ſhe could: for on that condition only ſhe obtained a promiſe from her aunt to keep ſecret the liking which her ill fortune, rather than any ſcheme of Mrs. Weſtern, had unhappily drawn from her.

CHAP. VI.

Containing a dialogue between Sophia and Mrs. Honour, which may a little relieve thoſe tender affections, which the foregoing ſcene may have raiſed in the mind of a good natured reader.

MRS. Weſtern having obtained that promiſe from her niece which we have ſeen in the laſt chapter, withdrew; and preſently after arrived Mrs. Honour. She was at work in a neighbouring apartment, and had been ſummoned to the key-hole by ſome vociferation in the preceding dialogue, where ſhe had continued during the remaining part of it. At her entry into the room, ſhe found Sophia ſtanding motionleſs, with the tears trickling from her eyes. Upon which ſhe immediately ordered a proper quantity of tears into her own eyes, and then began, 'O 'gemini! my dear lady, what is the matter?' 'No-'thing,' cries Sophia. 'Nothing! O dear Madam,' anſwers Mrs. Honour, 'you muſt not tell me that, 'when your ladyſhip is in this taking, and when there 'hath been ſuch a *preamble* between your ladyſhip 'and

'and Madam Weſtern.' 'Don't teaze me,' cries Sophia, 'I tell you nothing is the matter.—Good 'Heavens! Why was I born!'—'Nay, Madam,' ſays Mrs. Honour, 'you ſhall never perſuade me, 'that your la'ſhip can lament yourſelf ſo for nothing. 'To be ſure, I am but a ſervant; but to be ſure I 'have been always faithful to your ladyſhip, and to 'be ſure I would ſerve your la'ſhip with my life.' 'My dear Honour,' ſays Sophia, 'tis not in thy 'power to be of any ſervice to me. I am irretrievably undone.' 'Heaven forbid!' anſwered the waiting-woman; 'but if I can't be of any ſervice to 'you, pray tell me, Madam, it will be ſome comfort 'to me to know: pray, dear Ma'am, tell me what's 'the matter.' 'My father,' cries Sophia, 'is going 'to marry me to a man I both deſpiſe and hate.' 'O, dear Ma'am,' anſwered the other, 'who is 'this wicked man? for to be ſure he is very bad, 'or your la'ſhip would not deſpiſe him.' 'His 'name is poiſon to my tongue,' replied Sophia, 'thou wilt know it too ſoon.' Indeed, to confeſs the truth, ſhe knew it already, and therefore was not very inquiſitive as to that point. She then proceeded thus: 'I don't pretend to give your la'ſhip advice, '*whereof* you la'ſhip knows much better than I can 'pretend to, being but a ſervant; but, i-fakins! no 'father in England ſhould marry me againſt my conſent. And to be ſure, the Squire is ſo good, that 'if he did but know your la'ſhip deſpiſes and hates 'the young man, to be ſure he would not deſire you 'to marry him. And if your la'ſhip would but give 'me leave to tell my maſter ſo———To be ſure, it 'would be more properer to come from your own 'mouth; but as your la'ſhip doth not care to foul 'your tongue with his naſty name.'—'You are miſtaken, Honour,' ſays Sophia, 'my father was determined before he ever thought fit to mention it to 'me.'—'More ſhame for him,' cries Honour; 'you 'are to go to bed to him, and not maſter. And

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'thof a man may be a very proper man, yet every 'woman mayn't think him handſome alike. I am 'ſure my maſter would never act in this manner of 'his own head. I wiſh ſome people would trouble 'themſelves only with what belongs to them; they 'would not, I believe, like to be ſerved ſo, if it 'was their own caſe: for though I am a maid, I 'can eaſily believe as how all men are not equally 'agreeable. And what ſignifies your la'ſhip having 'ſo great a fortune, if you can't pleaſe yourſelf with 'the man you think moſt handſomeſt? well, I ſay 'nothing, but to be ſure it is pity ſome folks had 'not been better born; nay, as for that matter, I 'ſhould not mind it myſelf: but then there is not 'ſo much money, and what of that? your la'ſhip 'hath money enough for both; and where can your 'la'ſhip beſtow your fortune better? for to be ſure 'every one muſt allow, that he is the moſt hand-'ſomeſt, charmingeſt, fineſt, talleſt, propereſt man 'in the woman in the world.'—'What do you 'mean by running on in this manner to me?' cries Sophia, with a very grave countenance. 'Have I 'ever given any encouragement for theſe liberties?' —'Nay Ma'am, I aſk pardon; I meant no harm,' anſwered ſhe; 'but to be ſure the poor gentleman 'hath run in my head ever ſince I ſaw him this 'morning.—To be ſure, if your ladyſhip had but 'ſeen him juſt now, you muſt have pitied him. 'Poor gentleman! I wiſhes ſome misfortune hath 'not happened to him: for he hath been walking 'about with his arms a-croſs, and looking ſo melan-'choly all this morning; I vow and proteſt it made 'me almoſt cry to ſee him.'—'To ſee whom?' ſays Sophia. 'Poor Mr. Jones,' anſwered Honour. 'See him! why! where did you ſee him?' cries Sophia. 'By the canal, Ma'am,' ſays Honour. 'There he hath been walking all this morning, and 'at laſt there he laid himſelf down: I believe he lies 'there ſtill. To be ſure, if it had not been for my

'modeſty,

'modeſty, being a maid as I am, I ſhould have gone 'and ſpoke to him. Do, Ma'am, let me go and 'ſee, only for a fancy, whether he is there ſtill.'—'Pugh!' ſays Sophia, 'There! no, no, what ſhould 'he do there? he is gone before this time to be ſure. 'Beſides, why——what——why ſhould you 'go to ſee?—Beſides, I want you for ſomething elſe. 'Go, fetch me my hat and gloves. I ſhall walk 'with my aunt in the grove before dinner.' Honour did immediately as ſhe was bid, and Sophia put her hat on; when looking in the glaſs, ſhe fancied the ribbon with which her hat was tied, did not become her, and ſo ſent her maid back again for a ribbon of a different colour; and then giving Mrs. Honour repeated charges not to leave her work on any account, as ſhe ſaid it was in violent haſte, and muſt be finiſhed that very day, ſhe muttered ſomething more about going to the grove, and then ſallied out the contrary way, and walked as faſt as her tender trembling limbs could carry her, directly towards the canal.

Jones had been there, as Mrs. Honour had told her: he had indeed ſpent two hours there that morning in melancholy contemplation on his Sophia, and had gone out from the garden at one door, the moment ſhe entered it at another. So that thoſe unlucky minutes which had been ſpent in changing the ribbons, had prevented the lovers from meeting at this time. A moſt unfortunate accident, from which my fair readers will not fail to draw a very wholeſome leſſon. And here I ſtrictly forbid all male critics to intermeddle with a circumſtance, which I have recounted only for the ſake of the ladies, and upon which they only are at liberty to comment.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

A picture of formal courtſhip in miniature, as it always ought to be drawn, and a ſcene of a tenderer kind, painted at full length.

IT was well remarked by one, (and perhaps by more) that misfortunes do not come ſingle. This wiſe maxim was now verified by Sophia, who was not only diſappointed of ſeeing the man ſhe loved; but had the vexation of being obliged to dreſs herſelf out, in order to receive a viſit from the man ſhe hated.

That afternoon, Mr. Weſtern, for the firſt time, acquainted his daughter with his intention; telling her, he knew very well that ſhe had heard it before from her aunt. Sophia looked very grave upon this, nor could ſhe prevent a few pearls from ſtealing into her eyes. 'Come, come,' ſays Weſtern, 'none of 'your maideniſh airs; I know all; I aſſure you, 'ſiſter hath told me all.'

'Is it poſſible,' ſays Sophia, 'that my aunt can 'have betrayed me already?'——'Ay, ay,' ſays Weſtern, 'betrayed you! ay, Why, you betrayed 'yourſelf yeſterday at dinner. You ſhewed your 'fancy very plainly, I think. But you young girls 'never know what you would be at. So you cry 'becauſe I am going to marry you to the man you 'are in love with! your mother, I remember, 'whimpered and whined juſt in the ſame manner: 'but it was all over within twenty-four hours after 'we were married: Mr. Blifil is a briſk young man, 'and will ſoon put an end to your ſqueamiſhneſs. 'Come, chear up, chear up, I expect un every minute.'

Sophia was now convinced that her aunt had behaved honourably to her; and ſhe determined to go through that diſagreeable afternoon with as much reſolution

ſolution as poſſible, and without giving the leaſt ſuſpicion in the world to her father.

Mr. Blifil ſoon arrived; and Mr. Weſtern ſoon after withdrawing, left the young couple together.

Here a long ſilence of near a quarter of an hour enſued: for the gentleman who was to begin the converſation, had all that unbecoming modeſty which conſiſts in baſhfulneſs. He often attempted to ſpeak, and as often ſuppreſſed his words juſt at the very point of utterance. At laſt out they broke in a torrent of far-fetched and high-ſtrained compliments, which were anſwered on her ſide by downcaſt looks, half bows, and civil monoſyllables. Blifil, from his inexperience in the ways of women, and from his conceit of himſelf, took this behaviour for a modeſt aſſent to his courtſhip; and when, to ſhorten a ſcene which ſhe could no longer ſupport, Sophia roſe up and left the room, he imputed that too, merely to baſhfulneſs, and comforted himſelf, that he ſhould ſoon have enough of her company.

He was indeed perfectly well ſatisfied with his proſpect of ſucceſs: for as to that entire and abſolute poſſeſſion of the heart of his miſtreſs, which romantic lovers require, the very idea of it never entered his head. Her fortune and her perſon were the ſole objects of his wiſhes, of which he made no doubt ſoon to obtain the abſolute property; as Mr. Weſtern's mind was ſo earneſtly bent on the match; and as he well knew the ſtrict obedience which Sophia was always ready to pay to her father's will, and the greater ſtill which her father would exact, if there was occaſion. This authority, therefore, together with the charms which he fancied, in his own perſon and converſation, could not fail, he thought, of ſucceeding with a young landy, whoſe inclinations were, he doubted not, entirely diſengaged.

Of Jones he certainly had not even the leaſt jealouſy; and I have often thought it wonderful that he had not. Perhaps he imagined the character which

Jones

Jones bore all over the country, (how juſtly let the reader determine) of being one of the wildeſt fellows in England, might render him odious to a lady of the moſt exemplary modeſty. Perhaps his ſuſpicions might be laid aſleep by the behaviour of Sophia, and of Jones himſelf, when they were all in company together. Laſtly, and indeed principally, he was well aſſured there was not another ſelf in the caſe. He fancied that he knew Jones to the bottom, and had in reality a great contempt for his underſtanding, for not being more attached to his own intereſt. He had no apprehenſion that Jones was in love with Sophia; and as for any lucrative motives, he imagined they would ſway very little with ſo ſilly a fellow. Blifil, moreover, thought the affair of Molly Seagrim ſtill went on, and indeed believed it would end in marriage: for Jones really loved him from his childhood, and had kept no ſecret from him, till his behaviour on the ſickneſs of Mr. Allworthy had entirely alienated his heart; and it was by means of the quarrel which had enſued on this occaſion, and which was not yet reconciled, that Mr. Blifil knew nothing of the alteration which had happened in the affection which Jones had formerly borne towards Molly.

From theſe reaſons, therefore, Mr. Blifil ſaw no bar to his ſucceſs with Sophia. He concluded her behaviour was like that of all other young ladies on a firſt viſit from a lover, and it had indeed entirely anſwered his expectations.

Mr. Weſtern took care to way-lay the lover at his exit from his miſtreſs. He found him ſo elevated with his ſucceſs, ſo enamoured with his daughter, and ſo ſatisfied with her reception of him, that the old gentleman began to caper and dance about his hall, and by many other antic actions, to expreſs the extravagance of his joy: for he had not the leaſt command over any of his paſſions; and that which had at any time the aſcendant in his mind, hurried him to the wildeſt exceſſes.

As soon as Blifil was departed, which was not till after many hearty kisses and embraces bestowed on him by Western, the good Squire went instantly in quest of his daughter; whom he no sooner found than he poured forth the most extravagant raptures, bidding her chuse what clothes and jewels she pleased; and declaring that he had no other use for fortune but to make her happy. He then caressed her again and again with the utmost profusion of fondness, called her by the most endearing names, and protested she was his only joy on earth.

Sophia perceiving her father in this fit of affection, which she did not absolutely know the reason of, (for fits of fondness were not unusual to him, though this was rather more violent than ordinary) she could never have a better opportunity of disclosing herself than at present; as far at least, as regarded Mr. Blifil; and she too well foresaw the necessity which she should soon be under of coming to a full explanation. After having thanked the Squire, therefore, for all his professions of kindness, she added, with a look full of inexpressible softness, 'And is it 'possible my papa can be so good as to place all his joy 'in his Sophia's happiness?' which Western having confirmed by a great oath, and a kiss; she then laid hold of his hand, and falling on her knees, after many warm and passionate declarations of affection and duty, she begged him, 'not to make her the most 'miserable creature on earth, by forcing her to marry 'a man whom she detested. This I entreat of you, 'dear Sir,' said she, 'for your sake, as well as my 'own, since you are so very kind to tell me your 'happiness depends on mine.'—How! what!' says Western, staring wildly. 'O Sir,' continued she, not 'only your poor Sophia's happiness, her very life, her 'being depends on your granting her request. I 'cannot live with Mr. Blifil. To force me into this 'marriage, would be killing me.'—'You can't live

'with

'with Mr. Blifil!' fays Weſtern. 'No, upon my 'ſoul I can't,' anſwered Sophia. 'Then die and 'be d—ned,' cries he, ſpurning her from him. 'Oh! 'Sir,' cries Sophia, catching hold of the ſkirts of his coat, 'take pity on me, I beſeech you. Don't look 'and ſay ſuch cruel——Can you be unmoved while 'you ſee your Sophy in this dreadful condition? can 'the beſt of fathers break my heart? will he kill 'me by the moſt painful, cruel, lingering death?' —'Pooh! pooh!' cries the Squire, 'all ſtuff and 'nonſenſe, all maideniſh tricks. Kill you indeed! 'will marriage kill you?'—'Oh! Sir,' anſwered Sophia, 'ſuch a marriage is worſe than death—He 'is not even indifferent; I hate and deteſt him.'— 'If you deteſt un never ſo much,' cries Weſtern, 'you ſhall ha'un.' This he bound by an oath too ſhocking to repeat, and after many violent aſſeverations, concluded in theſe words: 'I am reſolved 'upon the match, and unleſs you conſent to it, I 'will not give you a groat, not a ſingle farthing; no, 'though I ſaw you expiring with famine in the ſtreet, 'I would not relieve you with a morſel of bread. 'This is my fixed reſolution, and ſo I leave you to 'conſider on it.' He then broke from her with ſuch violence, that her face daſhed againſt the floor, and he burſt directly out of the room, leaving poor Sophia proſtrate on the ground.

When Weſtern came into the hall, he there found Jones; who ſeeing his friend looking wild, pale, and almoſt breathleſs, could not forbear enquiring the reaſon of all theſe melancholy appearances. Upon which the Squire immediately acquainted him with the whole matter, concluding with bitter denunciations againſt Sophia, and very pathetic lamentations of the miſery of all fathers who are ſo unfortunate to have daughters.

Jones, to whom all the reſolutions which had been taken in favour of Blifil, were yet a ſecret, was at firſt almoſt ſtruck dead with this relation; but recovering

recovering his ſpirits a little, mere diſpair, as he afterwards ſaid, inſpired him to mention a matter to Mr. Weſtern, which ſeemed to require more impudence than a human forehead was ever gifted with. He deſired leave to go to Sophia, that he might endeavour to obtain her concurrence with her father's inclinations.

If the Squire had been as quick-ſighted, as he was remarkable for the contrary, paſſion might at preſent very well have blinded him. He thanked Jones for offering to undertake the office, and ſaid, 'Go, go, prithee try what can'ſt do; and then ſwore many execrable oaths that he would turn her out of doors unleſs ſhe conſented to the match.

CHAP. VIII.

The meeting between Jones and Sophia.

JONES departed inſtantly in queſt of Sophia, whom he found juſt riſen from the ground, where her father had left her, with the tears trickling from her eyes, and the blood running from her lips. He preſently ran to her, and with a voice full at once of tenderneſs and terror, cried, 'O my Sophia, 'what means this dreadful ſight!'—She looked ſoftly at him for a moment before ſhe ſpoke, and then ſaid, 'Mr. Jones, for heaven's ſake, how came you here? '—Leave me I beſeech you this moment.' 'Do 'not,' ſays he, 'impoſe ſo harſh a command upon 'me—my heart bleeds faſter than thoſe lips. O 'Sophia, how eaſily could I drain my veins to preſerve one drop of that dear blood!' 'I have too 'many obligations to you already,' anſwered ſhe, 'for ſure you meant them ſuch.'—Here ſhe looked at him tenderly almoſt a minute, and then burſting into an agony, cried,—'O Mr. Jones,—why did 'you ſave my life?—My death would have been

'happier

'happier for us both.'—'Happier for us both!' cried he. 'Could racks or wheels kill me so painfully as Sophia's!——I cannot bear the dreadful 'sound—Do I live but for her?'—Both his voice and look were full of inexpreſſible tenderneſs when he ſpoke theſe words, and at the ſame time he laid gently hold on her hand, which ſhe did not withdraw from him; to ſay the truth, ſhe hardly knew what ſhe did or ſuffered. A few moments now paſſed in ſilence between theſe lovers, while his eyes were eagerly fixed on Sophia, and hers declining towards the ground, at laſt ſhe recovered ſtrength enough to deſire him again to leave her; for that her certain ruin would be the conſequence of their being found together; adding,—'O Mr. Jones, you know not, 'you know not what hath paſſed this cruel after'noon.' 'I know all, my Sophia,' anſwered he; 'your cruel father hath told me all, and he himſelf 'hath ſent me hither to you.' 'My father ſent you 'to me!' replied ſhe, 'ſure you dream.' 'Would 'to heaven,' cries he, 'it was but a dream. O 'Sophia, your father hath ſent me to you to be an 'advocate for my odious rival, to ſolicit you in his 'favour—I took any means to get acceſs to you—O 'ſpeak to me, Sophia! comfort my bleeding heart.—'Sure no one ever loved, ever doated like me. Do 'not unkindly with-hold this dear, this ſoft, this 'gentle hand—One moment perhaps tears you for 'ever from me—Nothing leſs than this cruel occa'ſion could, I believe, have ever conquered the re'ſpect and awe, with which you have inſpired me.' She ſtood a moment ſilent and covered with confuſion, then lifting up her eyes gently towards him, ſhe cried, 'What would Mr. Jones have me ſay?' 'O do but promiſe, cries he, 'that you never will 'give yourſelf to Blifil.' 'Name not,' anſwered ſhe, 'the deteſted ſound. Be aſſured I never will 'give him what is in my power to with-hold from 'him.' 'Now then,' cries he, 'while you are ſo

'perfectly

'perfectly kind, go a little farther, and add that I 'may hope.' 'Alas,' says she, 'Mr. Jones, whither 'will you drive me? What hope have I to bestow. 'You know my father's intentions.'—'But I know,' answered he, 'your compliance with them cannot 'be compelled.' 'What' says she, 'must be the 'dreadful consequence of my disobedience? My 'own ruin is my least concern. I cannot bear the 'thoughts of being the cause of my father's misery.' 'He is himself the cause,' cries Jones, 'by exacting 'a power over you which nature hath not given 'him. Think on the misery which I am to suffer, 'if I am to lose you, and see on which side pity will 'turn the balance.' 'Think of it! replied she, 'can you imagine I do not feel the ruin which I 'must bring on you, should I comply with your 'desire—It is that thought which gives me resolu- 'tion to bid you fly from me for ever, and avoid 'your own destruction,' 'I fear no destruction,' cries he, 'but the loss of Sophia; if you would 'save me from the most bitter agonies, rec[illegible] 'cruel sentence—Indeed I can never [illegible] you, 'indeed I cannot.'

The lovers now stood both silent and trembling, Sophia being unable to with-draw her hand from Jones, and he almost as unable to hold it; when the scene, which I believe some of my readers will think had lasted long enough, was interrupted by one of so different a nature, that we shall reserve the relation of it for a different chapter.

CHAP. IX.

Being of a much more tempestuous kind than the former.

BEFORE we proceed with what now happened to our lovers, it may be proper to recount what had past in the hall during their tender interview.

Soon after Jones had left Mr. Weſtern in the manner above-mentioned, his ſiſter came to him, and was preſently informed of all that had paſt between her brother and Sophia, relating to Blifil.

This behaviour in her niece, the good lady conſtrued to be an abſolute breach of the condition, on which ſhe had engaged to keep her love for Mr. Jones a ſecret. She conſidered herſelf, therefore, at full liberty to reveal all ſhe knew to the Squire, which ſhe immediately did in the moſt explicit terms, and without any ceremony or preface.

The idea of a marriage between Jones and his daughter had never once entered into the Squire's head, either in the warmeſt minutes of his affection towards that young man, or from ſuſpicion, or on any other occaſion. He did, indeed, conſider a parity of fortune and circumſtances, to be phyſically as neceſſary an ingredient in marriage as difference of ſexes, or any other eſſential; and had no more apprehenſion of his daughter falling in love with a poor man, than with any animal of a different ſpecies.

He became, therefore, like one thunder-ſtruck at his ſiſter's relation. He was, at firſt, incapable of making any anſwer, having been almoſt deprived of his breath by the violence of the ſurprize. This, however, ſoon returned, and, as is uſual in other caſes after an intermiſſion, with redoubled force and fury.

The firſt uſe he made of the power of ſpeech, after his recovery from the ſudden effects of his aſtoniſhment, was to diſcharge a round volley of oaths and imprecations. After which he proceeded haſtily to the apartment, where he expected to find the lovers, and murmured, or indeed, rather roared forth intentions of revenge every ſtep he went.

As when two doves, or two wood-pigeons, or as when Strephon and Phillis (for that comes neareſt the mark) are retired into ſome pleaſant ſolitary grove,

to

to enjoy the delightful converſation of love; that baſhful boy who cannot ſpeak in public, and is never a good companion to more than two at a time. Here, while every object is ſerene, ſhould hoarſe thunder burſt ſuddenly through the ſhattered clouds, and rumbling roll along the ſky, the frightened maid ſtarts from the moſſy bank or verdant turf; the pale livery of death ſucceeds the red regimentals in which love had before dreſt her cheeks; fear ſhakes her whole frame, and her lover ſcarce ſupports her trembling, tottering limbs.

Or as when the two gentlemen, ſtrangers to the wonderous wit of the place, are cracking a bottle together at ſome inn or tavern at Saliſbury, if the great Dowdy, who acts the part of a madman, as well as ſome of his ſetters-on do that of a fool, ſhould rattle his chains, and dreadfully hum forth the grumbling catch along the gallery; the frighted ſtrangers aghaſt, ſcared at the horrid ſound, they ſeek ſome place of ſhelter from the approaching danger, and if the well-barred windows did admit their exit, would venture their necks to eſcape the threatning fury now coming upon them.

So trembled poor Sophia, ſo turned ſhe pale at the noiſe of her father, who in a voice moſt dreadful to hear, came on ſwearing, curſing and vowing the deſtruction of Jones. To ſay the truth, I believe the youth himſelf would, from ſome prudent conſiderations, have preferred another place of abode at this time, had his terror on Sophia's account given him liberty to reflect a moment on what any otherways concerned himſelf, than as his love made him partake whatever affected her.

And now the Squire having burſt open the door, beheld an object which inſtantly ſuſpended all his fury againſt Jones; this was the ghaſtly appearance of Sophia, who had fainted away in her lover's arms. This tragical ſight Mr. Weſtern no ſooner beheld, than all his rage forſook him: he roared for help

with his utmoſt violence; ran firſt to his daughter, then back to the door, calling for water, and then back again to Sophia, never conſidering in whoſe arms ſhe then was, nor perhaps once recollecting that there was ſuch a perſon in the world as Jones: for, indeed, I believe, the preſent circumſtances of his daughter were now the ſole conſideration which employed his thoughts.

Mrs. Weſtern and a great number of ſervants ſoon came to the aſſiſtance of Sophia, with water, cordials, and every thing neceſſary on thoſe occaſions. Theſe were applied with ſuch ſucceſs, that Sophia in a very few minutes began to recover, and all the ſymptoms of life to return. Upon which ſhe was preſently led off by her own maid and Mrs. Weſtern; nor did that good lady depart without leaving ſome wholeſome admonitions with her brother, on the dreadful effect of his paſſion, or, as ſhe pleaſed to call it, madneſs.

The Squire, perhaps, did not underſtand this good advice, as it was delivered in obſcure hints, ſhrugs, and notes of admiration; at leaſt, if he did underſtand it, he profited very little by it: for no ſooner was he cured of his immediate fears for his daughter, than he relapſed into his former frenzy, which muſt have produced an immediate battle with Jones, had not parſon Supple, who was a very ſtrong man, been preſent, and by mere force reſtrained the Squire from acts of hoſtility.

The moment Sophia was departed, Jones advanced in a very ſuppliant manner to Mr. Weſtern, whom the parſon held in his arms, and begged him to be pacified; for that, while he continued in ſuch a paſſion, it would be impoſſible to give him any ſatisfaction.

'I will have ſatisfaction o' thee,' anſwered the Squire, 'ſo doff thy clothes. *At unt* half a man, and 'I'll lick thee as well as waſt ever licked in thy 'life.' He then beſpattered the youth with abundance

dance of that language, which passes between country gentlemen who embrace opposite sides of the question; with frequent applications to him to salute that part which is generally introduced into all controversies, that arise among the lower orders of the English gentry, at horse-races, cock-matches, and other public places. Allusions to this part are likewise often made for the sake of the jest. And here, I believe the wit is generally misunderstood. In reality, it lies in desiring another to kiss your a—— for having just before threatened to kick his: for I have observed very accurately, that no one ever desires you to kick that which belongs to himself, nor offers to kiss this part in another.

It may likewise seem surprizing, that in the many thousand kind invitations of this sort, which every one who hath conversed with country gentlemen, must have heard, no one, I believe, hath ever seen a single instance where the desire hath been complied with. A great instance of their want of politeness: for in town, nothing can be more common than for the finest gentlemen to perform this ceremony every day to their superiors, without having that favour once requested of them.

To all such wit, Jones very calmly answered, 'Sir, this usage may, perhaps, cancel every other 'obligation you have conferred on me: but there is 'one you can never cancel; nor will I be provoked 'by your abuse, to lift my hand against the father of 'Sophia.'

At these words the Squire grew still more outrageous than before; so that the parson begged Jones to retire, saying, 'You behold, Sir, how he waxeth wroth 'at your abode here: therefore let me pray you not 'to tarry any longer. His anger is too much kindled for you to commune with him at present. You 'had better therefore, conclude your visit, and refer 'what matters you have to urge in your behalf, to 'some other opportunity.'

Jones accepted this advice with thanks, and immediately departed. The Squire now regained the liberty of his hands, and ſo much temper as to expreſs ſome ſatisfaction in the reſtraint which had been laid upon him; declaring that he ſhould certainly have beat his brains out; and adding, 'it would have vexed one confoundedly to have been hanged for ſuch a raſcal.'

The parſon now began to triumph in the ſucceſs of his peace-making endeavours, and proceeded to read a lecture againſt anger, which might, perhaps, rather have tended to raiſe than to quiet that paſſion in ſome haſty minds. This lecture he enriched with many valuable quotations from the antients, particularly from Seneca; who hath, indeed, ſo well handled this paſſion, that none but a very angry man can read him without great pleaſure and profit. The doctor concluded his harangue with the famous ſtory of Alexander and Clytus; but as I find that entered in my common place under title Drunkenneſs, I ſhall not inſert it here.

The Squire took no notice of this ſtory, nor perhaps of any thing he ſaid: for he interrupted him before he had finiſhed, by calling for a tankard of beer; obſerving (which is, perhaps, as true as any obſervation on this fever of the mind) 'that anger makes a man dry.'

No ſooner had the Squire ſwallowed a large draught than he renewed the diſcourſe on Jones, and declared a reſolution of going the next morning early to acquaint Mr. Allworthy. His friend would have diſſuaded him from this, from the mere motive of good nature; but his diſſuaſion had no other effect, than to produce a large volley of oaths and curſes, which greatly ſhocked the pious ears of Supple; but he did not dare to remonſtrate againſt a privilege, which the Squire claimed as a free-born Engliſhman. To ſay truth, the parſon ſubmitted to pleaſe his palate at the Squire's table, at the expence of ſuffering this violence

now

now and then to his ears. He contented himſelf with thinking he did not promote this evil practice, and that the ſquire would not ſwear an oath the leſs, if he never entered within his gates. However, though he was not guilty of ill manners by rebuking a gentleman in his own houſe, he paid him off obliquely in the pulpit; which had not, indeed, the good effect of working a reformation in the ſquire himſelf: yet it ſo far operated on his conſcience, that he put the laws very ſeverely in execution againſt others, and the magiſtrate was the only perſon in the pariſh who could ſwear with impunity.

CHAP. X.

In which Mr. Weſtern viſits Mr. Allworthy.

MR. Allworthy was now retired from breakfaſt with his nephew, well ſatisfied with the report of the young gentleman's ſucceſsful viſit to Sophia, (for he greatly deſired the match, more on account of the young lady's character, than of her riches) when Mr. Weſtern broke abruptly in upon them, and without any ceremony began as follows:

'There, you have done a fine piece of work truly. 'You have brought up your baſtard to a fine pur'poſe; not that I believe you have had any hand in 'it neither, that is, as a man may ſay, deſignedly: but 'there is a fine kettle of fiſh made o't up at our houſe.' 'What can be the matter, Mr. Weſtern?' ſaid Allworthy. 'O matter *enow* of all conſcience; my 'daughter hath fallen in love with your baſtard, that's 'all: but I won't *ge* her a *hapenny*, not the twentieth 'part of a braſs farthing. I always thought what 'would come o' breeding up a baſtard like a gentle'man, and letting *un* come about to *volk*'s houſes. 'It's well *vor un* I could not get at *un*, I'd *a licked un*, 'I'd a ſpoil'd his caterwauling, I'd a taught the Son

'of a whore to meddle with the meat of his maſter. 'He ſhan't ever have a morſel of meat of mine, or a 'farthing to buy it: If ſhe will *ha un*, one ſmock ſhall 'be her portion. I'll ſooner *ge* my *eſteate* to the '*zinking* fund, that it may be ſent to Hanover to cor-'rupt our nation with.' 'I am heartily ſorry,' cries Allworthy. 'Pox o' your ſorrow,' ſays Weſtern, 'it will do me abundance of good, when I have loſt 'my only child, my poor Sophy, that was the joy of 'my heart, and all the hope and comfort of my age; 'but I am reſolved I will turn her out o' doors: ſhe 'ſhall beg and ſtarve, and rot in the ſtreets. Not one '*hapenny*, not a *hapenny*, ſhall ſhe ever *hae* o' mine. 'The ſon of a bitch was always good at finding a hare 'ſitting; an be rotted to'n, I little thought what puſs 'he was looking after: but it ſhall be the worſt he 'ever *vound* in his life. She ſhall be no better than 'carrion; the ſkin o'er is all he ſhall *ha*, and *zu* may 'tell *un*.' 'I am in amazement,' cries Allworthy, 'at what you tell me, after what paſſed between my 'nephew and the young lady no longer ago than 'yeſterday.' 'Yes, Sir,' anſwered Weſtern, 'it was 'after what paſſed between your nephew and ſhe that 'the whole matter came out. Mr. Blifil there was 'no ſooner gone than the ſon of a whore came lurch-'ing about the houſe. Little did I think, when I 'uſed to love him for a ſportſman, that he was all the 'while a poaching after my danghter.' 'Why, tru-'ly,' ſays Allworthy, 'I could wiſh you had not 'given him ſo many opportunities with her; and you 'will do me the juſtice to acknowledge, that I have 'always been averſe to his ſtaying ſo much at your 'houſe, tho' I own I had no ſuſpicion of this kind.' 'Why, zounds!' cries Weſtern, 'who could have 'thought it? What the devil had ſhe to do wi'n? 'He did not come there a courting to her; he came 'there a hunting with me.' 'But was it poſſible,' ſays Allworthy, 'that you ſhould never diſcern any 'ſymptoms of love between them, when you have

'ſeen

'seen them so often together?' 'Never in my life, 'as I hope to be saved,' cries Western, 'I never so 'much as seed him kiss her in all my life; and so 'far from courting her, he used rather to be more 'silent when she was in company than at any other 'time; and as for the girl, she was always less civil 'to'n than to any young man that came to the house. 'As to that matter, I am not more easy to be de-'ceived than another; I would not have you think 'I am, neighbour.' Allworthy could scarce refrain laughter at this; but he resolved to do a violence to himself: for he perfectly well knew mankind, and had too much good breeding and good nature to offend the squire in his present circumstances. He then asked Western what he would have him do upon this occasion.' To which the other answered, 'That 'he would have him keep the rascal away from his 'house, and that he would go and lock up the wench: 'for he was resolved to make her marry Mr. Blifil in 'spite of her teeth.' He then shook Blifil by the hand, and swore he would have no other son-in-law. Presently after which he took his leave, saying, his house was in such disorder, that it was necessary for him to make haste home, to take care his daughter did not give him the slip; and as for Jones, he swore if he caught him at his house, he would qualify him to run for the gelding's plate.

When Allworthy and Blifil were again left together, a long silence ensued between them; all which interval the young gentleman filled up with sighs, which proceeded partly from disappointment, but more from hatred: for the success of Jones was much more grievous to him, than the loss of Sophia.

At length his uncle asked him what he was determined to do, and he answered in the following words: 'Alas, Sir, can it be a question what step a lover will 'take, when reason and passion point different ways? 'I am afraid it is too certain he will, in that dilem-'ma, always follow the latter. Reason dictates to

me, to quit all thoughts of a woman who places her affections on another; my paſſion bids me hope ſhe may, in time, change her inclinations in my favour. Here, however, I conceive an objection may be raiſed, which, if it could not fully be anſwered, would totally deter me from any further purſuit. I mean the injuſtice of endeavouring to ſupplant another, in a heart, of which he ſeems already in poſſeſſion: but the determined reſolution of Mr. Weſtern ſhews, that in this caſe, I ſhall, by ſo doing, promote the happineſs of every party; not only that of the parent, who will thus be preſerved from the higheſt degree of miſery, but of both the others, who muſt be undone by this match. The lady, I am ſure, will be undone in every ſenſe: for beſides the loſs of moſt part of her fortune, ſhe will be married not only to a beggar, but the little fortune which her father cannot with-hold from her, will be ſquandered on that wench, with whom I know he yet converſes.—Nay, that is a trifle: for I know him to be one of the worſt men in the world: for had my dear uncle known what I have hitherto endeavoured to conceal, he muſt have long ſince abandoned ſo profligate a wretch.' 'How,' ſaid Allworthy, 'hath he done any thing worſe than I already know? tell me I beſeech you." 'No,' replied Blifil, 'it is now paſt, and perhaps he may have repented of it.' 'I command you, on your duty,' ſaid Allworthy, 'to tell me what you mean.' 'You know, Sir,' ſays Blifil, 'I never diſobeyed you: but I am ſorry I mentioned it, ſince it may now look like revenge, whereas, I thank heaven, no ſuch motive ever entered my heart, and if you oblige me to diſcover it, I muſt be his petitioner to you for your forgiveneſs.' 'I will have no conditions,' anſwered Allworthy; 'I think I have ſhewn tenderneſs enough towards him, and more, perhaps, than you ought to thank me for.' 'More, indeed, I fear, than he deſerved,' cries Blifil; 'for

'in

'in the very day of your utmoſt danger, when myſelf and all the family were in tears, he filled the houſe with riot and debauchery. He drank and ſung and roared; and when I gave him a gentle hint of the indecency of his actions, he fell into a violent paſſion, ſwore many oaths, called me raſcal, and ſtruck me.' 'How!' cries Allworthy, 'did he dare to ſtrike you?' 'I am ſure,' cries Blifil, 'I have forgiven him that long ago. I wiſh 'I could ſo eaſily forget his ingratitude to the beſt of 'benefactors; and yet, even that, I hope, you will 'forgive him, ſince he certainly muſt have been poſſeſſed with the devil: for that very evening, as Mr. 'Thwackum and myſelf were taking the air in the 'fields, and exulting in the good ſymptoms which 'then firſt began to diſcover themſelves, we unluckily 'ſaw him engaged with a wench in a manner not fit 'to be mentioned. Mr. Thwackum, with more 'boldneſs than prudence, advanced to rebuke him, 'when (I am ſorry to ſay it) he fell upon the worthy 'man, and beat him ſo outrageouſly, that I wiſh he 'may have yet recovered the bruiſes. Nor was I 'without my ſhare of the effects of his malice, while 'I endeavoured to protect my tutor: but that I have 'long forgiven; nay, I prevailed with Mr. Thwackum 'to forgive him too, and not to inform you of a ſe'cret which I feared might be fatal to him. And 'now, Sir, ſince I have unadviſedly dropped a hint 'of this matter, and your commands have obliged 'me to diſcover the whole, let me intercede with you 'for him.' 'O child,' ſaid Allworthy, 'I know 'not whether I ſhould blame or applaud your good'neſs, in concealing ſuch villany a moment: but 'where is Mr. Thwackum? Not that I want any 'confirmation of what you ſay; but I will examine 'all the evidence of this matter, to juſtify to the 'world the example I am reſolved to make of ſuch 'a monſter.'

Thwackum was now ſent for, and preſently ap-

peared. He corroborated every circumſtance which the other had depoſed; nay, he produced the record upon his breaſt, where the hand-writing of Mr. Jones remained very legible in black and blue. He concluded with declaring to Mr. Allworthy, that he ſhould have long ſince informed him of this matter, had not Mr. Bliſil, by the moſt earneſt interpoſitions, prevented him. 'He is,' ſays he, 'an excellent 'youth; though ſuch forgiveneſs of enemies is carry-'ing the matter too far.'

In reality, Bliſil had taken ſome pains to prevail with the parſon, and to prevent the diſcovery at that time; for which he had many reaſons. He knew that the minds of men are apt to be ſoftened and relaxed from their uſual ſeverity by ſickneſs Beſides, he imagined that if the ſtory was told when the fact was ſo recent, and the phyſician about the houſe, who might have unravelled the real truth, he ſhould never be able to give it the malicious turn which he intended. Again, he reſolved to hoard up this buſineſs, till the indiſcretion of Jones ſhould afford ſome additional complaints; for he thought the joint weight of many facts falling upon him together, would be the moſt likely to cruſh him; and he watched therefore ſome ſuch opportunity as that, with which fortune had now kindly preſented him. Laſtly, by prevailing with Thwackum to conceal the matter for a time, he knew he ſhould confirm an opinion of his friendſhip to Jones, which he had greatly laboured to eſtabliſh in Mr. Allworthy.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

A ſhort chapter; but which contains ſufficient matters to affect the good-natured reader.

IT was Mr. Allworthy's cuſtom never to puniſh any one, not even to turn away a ſervant, in a paſſion. He reſolved, therefore, to delay paſſing ſentence on Jones till the afternoon.

The poor young man attended at dinner, as uſual; but his heart was too much loaded to ſuffer him to eat. His grief was a good deal aggravated by the unkind looks of Mr. Allworthy; whence he concluded that Weſtern had diſcovered the whole affair between him and Sophia: but as to Mr. Blifil's ſtory, he had not the leaſt apprehenſion; for of much the greater part he was intirely innocent; and for the reſidue, as he had forgiven and forgotten it himſelf, ſo he ſuſpected no remembrance on the other ſide. When dinner was over, and the ſervants departed, Mr. Allworthy began to harangue. He ſet forth, in a long ſpeech, the many iniquities of which Jones had been guilty, particularly thoſe which this day had brought to light; and concluded by telling him, 'That unleſs 'he could clear himſelf of the charge, he was reſolved 'to baniſh him from his ſight for ever.'

Many diſadvantages attended poor Jones in making his defence; nay, indeed, he hardly knew his accuſation: for as Mr. Allworthy, in recounting the drunkenneſs, &c. while he lay ill, out of modeſty ſunk every thing that related particularly to himſelf, which indeed principally conſtituted the crime, Jones could not deny the charge. His heart was, beſides, almoſt broken already; and his ſpirits were ſo ſunk, that he could ſay nothing for himſelf, but acknowledged the whole, and like a criminal in deſpair, threw himſelf upon mercy; concluding, 'That tho' 'he muſt own himſelf guilty of many follies and in-

'advertencies,

'advertencies, he hoped he had done nothing to de-
'ſerve what would be to him the greateſt puniſh-
'ment in the world.'

Allworthy anſwered, 'That he had forgiven him
'too often already, in compaſſion to his youth, and
'in hopes of his amendment; that he now found he
'was an abandoned reprobate, and ſuch as it would
'be criminal in any one to ſupport and encourage.'
'Nay,' ſaid Mr. Allworthy to him, 'your audaci-
'ous attempt to ſteal away the young lady, calls up-
'on me to juſtify my own character in puniſhing you.
'The world, who have already cenſured the regard
'I have ſhewn for you, may think, with ſome co-
'lour at leaſt of juſtice, that I connive at ſo baſe
'and barbarous an action; an action of which you
'muſt have known my abhorrence; and which, had
'you had any concern for my eaſe and honour, as
'well as for my friendſhip, you would never have
'thought of undertaking. Fie upon it, young
'man! Indeed, there is ſcarce any puniſhment
'equal to your crimes, and I can ſcarce think my-
'ſelf juſtifiable in what I am now going to beſtow
'on you. However, as I have educated you like
'a child of my own, I will not turn you naked into
'the world. When you open this paper, therefore,
'you will find ſomething which may enable you,
'with induſtry, to get an honeſt livelihood; but if
'you employ it to worſe purpoſes, I ſhall not think
'myſelf obliged to ſupply you farther, being re-
'ſolved, from this day forward, to converſe no
'more with you on any account. I cannot avoid ſay-
'ing, There is no part of your conduct which I re-
'ſent more than your ill treatment of that good
'young man (meaning Bliſil) who hath behaved
'with ſo much tenderneſs and honour towards you.'

Theſe laſt words were a doſe almoſt too bitter to be ſwallowed. A flood of tears now guſhed from the eyes of Jones, and every faculty of ſpeech and motion, ſeemed to have deſerted him. It was ſome time

time before he was able to obey Allworthy's peremptory commands of departing; which he at length did, having firſt kiſſed his hands with a paſſion difficult to be affected, and as difficult to be deſcribed.

The reader muſt be very weak, if, when he conſiders the light in which Jones then appeared to Mr. Allworthy, he ſhould blame the rigour of his ſentence. And yet all the neighbourhood, either from this weakneſs, or from ſome worſe motive, condemned this juſtice and ſeverity as the higheſt cruelty. Nay, the very perſons who had before cenſured the good man for the kindneſs and tenderneſs ſhewn to a baſtard, (his own, according to the general opinion) now cried out as loudly againſt turning his own child out of doors. The women eſpecially were unanimous in taking the part of Jones, and raiſed more ſtories on the occaſion than I have room in this chapter to ſet down.

One thing muſt not be omitted, that in their cenſures on this occaſion, none ever mentioned the ſum contained in the paper which Allworthy gave Jones, which was no leſs than five hundred pounds; but all agreed that he was ſent away pennyleſs, and ſome ſaid, naked, from the houſe of this inhuman father.

CHAP. XII.

Containing love-letters, &c.

JONES was commanded to leave the houſe immediately, and told that his clothes and every thing elſe ſhould be ſent to him whitherſoever he ſhould order them.

He accordingly ſet out, and walked above a mile not regarding, and indeed ſcarce knowing whither he went. At length a little brook obſtructing his paſſage, he threw himſelf down by the ſide of it; nor could

could he help muttering, with ſome little indignation, 'Sure my father will not deny me this place to reſt 'in?'

Here he preſently fell into the moſt violent agonies, tearing his hair from his head, and uſing moſt other actions which generally accompany fits of madneſs, rage, and deſpair.

When he had in this manner vented the firſt emotions of paſſion, he began to come a little to himſelf. His grief now took another turn, and diſcharged itſelf in gentler way, till he became at laſt cool enough to reaſon with his paſſion, and to conſider what ſteps were proper to be taken in his deplorable condition.

And now the great doubt was, how to act with regard to Sophia. The thoughts of leaving her, almoſt rent his heart aſunder: but the conſideration of reducing her to ruin and beggary, ſtill racked him, if poſſible, more; and if the violent deſire of poſſeſſing her perſon, could have induced him to liſten one moment to this alternative, ſtill he was by no means certain of her reſolution to indulge his wiſhes at ſo high an expence. The reſentment of Mr. Allworthy, and the injury he muſt do to his quiet, argued ſtrongly againſt this latter; and laſtly, the apparent impoſſibility of his ſucceſs, even if he would ſacrifice all theſe conſiderations to it, came to his aſſiſtance; and thus honour at laſt, backed with deſpair, with gratitude to his benefactor, and with real love to his miſtreſs, got the better of burning deſire, and he reſolved rather to quit Sophia, than to purſue her to her ruin.

It is difficult for any who have not felt it, to conceive the glowing warmth which filled his breaſt, on the firſt contemplation of this victory over his paſſion. Pride flattered him ſo agreeably, that his mind perhaps enjoyed perfect happineſs; but this was only momentary. Sophia ſoon returned to his imagination, and allayed the joy of his triumph with

with no leſs bitter pangs, than a good natured general muſt feel when he ſurveys the bleeding heaps, at the price of whoſe blood he hath purchaſed his laurels; for thouſands of tender ideas lay murdered before our conqueror.

Being reſolved, however, to purſue the paths of this giant honour, as the gigantic poet Lee calls it, he determined to write a farewell letter to Sophia: And accordingly proceeded to a houſe not far off, where, being furniſhed with proper materials, he wrote as follows:

MADAM,

'WHEN you reflect on the ſituation in which I write, I am ſure your good nature will pardon any inconſiſtency or abſurdity which my letter contains; for every thing here flows from a heart ſo full, that no language can expreſs its dictates.

'I have reſolved, Madam, to obey your commands, in flying for ever from your dear, your lovely ſight. Cruel indeed thoſe commands are; but it is a cruelty which proceeds from fortune, not from my Sophia. Fortune hath made it neceſſary; neceſſary to your preſervation to forget there ever was ſuch a wretch as I am.

'Believe me, I would not hint all my ſufferings to you, if I imagined they could poſſibly eſcape your ears. I know the goodneſs and tenderneſs of your heart, and would avoid giving you any of thoſe pains which you always feel for the miſerable. O let nothing, which you ſhall hear of my hard fortune, cauſe a moment's concern; for after the loſs of you, every thing is to me a trifle.

'O my Sophia! it is hard to leave you; it is harder ſtill to deſire you to forget me: yet the ſincereſt love obliges me to both. Pardon my conceiving

'that

'that any remembrance of me can give you diſquiet, 'but if I am ſo glorioufly wretched, ſacrifice me eve-'ry way to your relief. Think I never loved you; 'or think truly how little I deſerve you; and learn 'to ſcorn me for a preſumption which can never be 'too ſeverely puniſhed. — I am unable to ſay more. '——May guardian angels protect you for ever.'

He was now ſearching his pocket for his wax, but found none, nor indeed any thing elſe, therein; for, in truth he had, in his frantic diſpoſition, toſſed every thing from him, and amongſt the reſt, his pocket-book, which he had received from Mr. Allworthy, which he had never opened, and which now firſt occurred to his memory.

The houſe ſupplied him with a wafer for his preſent purpoſe, with which having ſealed his letter, he returned haſtily towards the brook-ſide, in order to ſearch for the things which he had there loſt. In his way he met his old friend Black George, who heartily condoled with him on his misfortune; for this had already reached his ears, and indeed thoſe of all the neighbourhood.

Jones acquainted the game-keeper with his loſs, and he as readily went back with him to the brook, where they ſearched every tuft of graſs in the meadow, as well where Jones had not been, as where he had been; but all to no purpoſe, for they found nothing: for indeed, though the things were then in the meadow, they omitted to ſearch the only place where they were depoſited; to wit, in the pockets of the ſaid George, for he had juſt before found them, and being luckily appriſed of their value, had very carefully put them up for his own uſe.

The game-keeper having exerted as much diligence in queſt of the loſt goods, as if he had hoped to find them, deſired Mr. Jones to recollect if he had been in no other place; 'for ſure,' ſaid he, 'if you had

'loſt

'loſt them here ſo lately, the things muſt have been 'here ſtill; for this is a very unlikely place for any 'one to paſs by;' and indeed it was by great accident that he himſelf had paſſed through that field, in order to lay wires for hares, with which he was to ſupply a poulterer at Bath the next morning.

Jones now gave over all hopes of recovering his loſs, and almoſt all thoughts concerning it, and turning to Black George, aſked him earneſtly, If he would do him the greateſt favour in the world:

George anſwered, with ſome heſitation, 'Sir, you 'know you may command me whatever is in my 'power, and I heartily wiſh it was in my power to 'do you any ſervice.' In fact, the queſtion ſtaggered him; for he had, by ſelling game, amaſſed a pretty good ſum of money in Mr. Weſtern's ſervice, and was afraid that Jones wanted to borrow ſome ſmall matter of him; but he was preſently relieved from his anxiety, by being deſired to convey a letter to Sophia, which with great pleaſure he promiſed to do. And, indeed, I believe there are few favours which he would not have gladly conferred on Mr. Jones; for he bore as much gratitude towards him as he could, and was as honeſt as men who love money better than any other thing in the univerſe, generally are.

Mrs. Honour was agreed by both to be the proper means by which this letter ſhould paſs to Sophia. They then ſeparated; the game-keeper returned home to Mr. Weſtern's, and Jones walked to an alehouſe at half a mile's diſtance, to wait for his meſſenger's return.

George no ſooner came home to his maſter's houſe, than he met with Mrs. Honour; to whom, having firſt ſounded her with a few previous queſtions, he delivered the letter for her miſtreſs, and received at the ſame time another from her for Mr. Jones; which Honour told him ſhe had carried all

that

that day in her bosom, and began to despair of finding any means of delivering it.

The game-keeper returned hastily and joyfully to Jones, who having received Sophia's letter from him, instantly withdrew, and eagerly breaking it open, read as follows:

SIR

'IT is impossible to express what I have felt since 'I saw you. Your submitting, on my account, 'to such cruel insults from my father, lays me under 'an obligation I shall ever own. As you know his 'temper, I beg you will, for my sake, avoid him. 'I wish I had any comfort to send you; but believe 'this, that nothing but the last violence shall ever 'give my hand or heart where you would be sorry 'to see them bestowed.'

Jones read this letter a hundred times over, and kissed it a hundred times as often. His passion now brought all tender desires back into his mind. He repented that he had writ to Sophia in the manner we have seen above; but he repented more that he had made use of the interval of his messenger's absence, to write and dispatch a letter to Mr. Allworthy, in which he had faithfully promised and bound himself to quit all thoughts of his love. However, when his cool reflection returned, he plainly perceived that his case was neither mended nor altered by Sophia's billet, unless to give him some little glimpse of hope from her constancy, of some favourable accident hereafter. He therefore resumed his resolution, and taking leave of Black George, set forward to a town about five miles distant, whither he had desired Mr. Allworthy, unless he pleased to revoke his sentence, to send his things after him.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

The behaviour of Sophia on the preſent occaſion; which none of her ſex will blame, who are capable of behaving in the ſame manner: and the diſcuſſion of a knotty point in the court of conſcience.

SOPHIA had paſſed the laſt twenty-four hours in no very deſirable manner. During a large part of them ſhe had been entertained by her aunt, with lectures of prudence, recommending to her the example of the polite world, where love (ſo the good lady ſaid) is at preſent entirely laughed at, and where women conſider matrimony, as men do offices of public truſt, only as the means of making their fortunes, and of advancing themſelves in the world. In commenting on which text, Mrs. Weſtern had diſplayed her eloquence during ſeveral hours.

Theſe ſagacious lectures, though little ſuited either to the taſte or inclination of Sophia, were, however, leſs irkſome to her than her own thoughts, that formed the entertainment of the night, during which ſhe never once cloſed her eyes.

But though ſhe could neither ſleep nor reſt in her bed; yet, having no avocation from it, ſhe was found there by her father at his return from Allworthy's, which was not till paſt ten o'clock in the morning. He went directly up to her apartment, opened the door, and ſeeing ſhe was not up—cried—'Oh! you 'are ſafe then, and I am reſolved to keep you 'ſo.' He then locked the door, and delivered the key to Honour, having firſt given her the ſtricteſt charge, with great promiſes of rewards for her fidelity, and moſt dreadful menaces of puniſhment, in caſe ſhe ſhould betray her truſt.

Honour's orders were not to ſuffer her miſtreſs to come out of her room without the authority of the

the Squire himſelf, and to admit none to her but him and her aunt; but ſhe was herſelf to attend her with whatever Sophia pleaſed, except only pen, ink, and paper, of which ſhe was forbidden the uſe.

The Squire ordered his daughter to dreſs herſelf and attend him at dinner; which ſhe obeyed; and having ſat the uſual time, was again conducted to her priſon.

In the evening, the gaoler Honour brought her the letter which ſhe received from the game-keeper. Sophia read it very attentively twice or thrice over, and then threw herſelf upon the bed, and burſt into a flood of tears. Mrs. Honour expreſſed great aſtoniſhment at this behaviour in her miſtreſs; nor could ſhe forbear very eagerly begging to know the cauſe of this paſſion. Sophia made her no anſwer for ſome time, and then ſtarting ſuddenly up, caught her maid by the hand, and cried, 'O Honour! I am undone.' 'Marry forbid,' cries Honour, 'I wiſh the letter had 'been burnt before I had brought it to your la'ſhip. 'I'm ſure I thought it would have comforted your 'la'ſhip, or I would have ſeen it at the devil before 'I would have touched it.' 'Honour,' ſays Sophia, 'you are a good girl, and it is vain to attempt con-'cealing longer any weakneſs from you; I have 'thrown away my heart on a man, who hath for-'ſaken me.' 'And is Mr. Jones,' anſwered the maid, 'ſuch a perfidy man?' 'He hath taken his 'leave of me,' ſays Sophia, 'for ever in that letter. 'Nay, he hath deſired me to forget him. Could he 'have deſired that, if he had loved me? Could he 'have borne ſuch a thought? Could he have written 'ſuch a word?' 'No certainly, Ma'am,' cries Honour, 'and to be ſure, if the beſt man in England 'was to deſire me to forget him, I'd take him at his 'word. Marry come up! I am ſure your la'ſhip 'hath done him too much honour ever to think on 'him. A young lady who may take her choice of

'all

'all the young men in the country.—And to be ſure 'if I may be ſo preſumptious as to offer my poor 'opinion, there is young Mr. Blifil, who beſides that 'he is come of honeſt parents, and will be one of 'the greateſt Squires all hereabouts, he is to be ſure, 'in my poor opinion, a more handſomer, and a 'more politer man by half; and beſides, he is a 'young gentleman of a ſober character, and who may 'defy any of the neighbours to ſay black is his eye: 'he follows no dirty trollops, nor can any baſtards 'be laid at his door. Forget him indeed! I thank 'Heaven I myſelf am not ſo much at my laſt pray-'ers, as to ſuffer any man to bid me forget him 'twice. If the beſt he that wears a head, was for 'to go for to offer for to ſay ſuch an affronting word 'to me, I would never give him my company after-'wards, if there was another young man in the king-'dom. And as I was a ſaying, to be ſure, there is 'young Mr. Blifil.'—'Name not his deteſted name,' cries Sophia. 'Nay, Ma'am,' ſays Honour, 'if 'your la'ſhip doth not like him, there be more jolly 'handſome young men that would court your la'ſhip, 'if they had but the leaſt encouragement. I don't 'believe there is arrow young gentleman in this 'county, or in the next to it, that if your la'ſhip was 'but to look as if you had a mind to him, would 'not come about to make his offers directly.' 'What 'a wretch doſt thou imagine me,' cries Sophia, 'by 'affronting my ears with ſuch ſtuff! I deteſt all man-'kind.' 'Nay, to be ſure, Ma'am,' anſwered Ho-nour, 'your la'ſhip hath had enough to give you a 'ſurfeit of them. To be uſed ill by ſuch a poor 'beggarly baſtardly fellow.' 'Hold your blaſphe-'mous tongue,' cries Sophia, 'how dare you mention 'his name with diſreſpect before me? He uſe me ill? 'No, his poor bleeding heart ſuffered more when he 'writ the cruel words, than mine from reading 'them. O! he is all heroic virtue, and angelic 'goodneſs. I am aſhamed of the weakneſs of my

'own

'own paſſion, for blaming what I ought to ad-
'mire.—O Honour! it is my good only which he
'conſults. To my intereſt he ſacrifices both himſelf
'and me.——The apprehenſion of ruining me, hath
'driven him to deſpair.'—'I am very glad,' ſays Honour, 'to hear your la'ſhip takes that into your
'conſideration; for to be ſure, it muſt be nothing leſs
'than ruin, to give your mind to one that is turned
'out of doors, and is not worth a farthing in the
'world.'—'Turned out of doors!' cries Sophia haſtily, 'how! what doſt thou mean?'—'Why, to
'be ſure, Ma'am, my maſter no ſooner told Squire
'Allworthy about Mr. Jones having offered to make
'love to your ladyſhip, than the Squire ſtripped him
'ſtark-naked, and turned him out of doors.'—'Ha!' ſays Sophia, 'have I been the curſed, wretched cauſe
'of his deſtruction?—Turn'd naked out of doors!
'here, Honour, take all the money I have; take the
'rings from my fingers.—Here my watch, carry him
'all.—Go, find him immediately.'—'For Heaven's
'ſake, Ma'am,' anſwered Mrs. Honour, 'do but
'conſider, if my maſter ſhould miſs any of theſe
'things, I ſhould be made to anſwer for them.
'Therefore let me beg your ladyſhip not to part
'with your watch and jewels. Beſides, the money,
'I think, is enough of all conſcience; and as for
'that, my maſter can never know any thing of the
'matter.—'Here then,' cries Sophia, 'take every
'farthing I am worth; find him out immediately,
'and give it him. Go, go, loſe not a moment.'

Mrs. Honour departed according to orders, and finding Black George below ſtairs, delivered him the purſe which contained ſixteen guineas, being indeed the whole ſtock of Sophia: for though her father was very liberal to her, ſhe was much too generous herſelf to be rich.

Black George having received the purſe, ſet forward towards the alehouſe; but in the way a thought occurred to him, whether he ſhould not detain this money

money likewiſe. His conſcience, however, immediately ſtarted at this ſuggeſtion, and began to upbraid him with ingratitude to his benefactor. To this his avarice anſwered, 'That his conſcience ſhould have 'conſidered the matter before, when he deprived 'poor Jones of his 500l. That having quietly acqui-'eſced in what was of ſo much greater importance, 'it was abſurd, if not downright hypocriſy, to affect 'any qualms at this trifle.' In return to which, conſcience, like a good lawyer, attempted to diſtinguiſh between an abſolute breach of truſt, as here where the goods were delivered, and a bare concealment of what was found, as in the former caſe. Avarice preſently treated this with ridicule, called it a diſtinction without a difference, and abſolutely inſiſted, that when once all pretenſions of honour and virtue were given up in any one inſtance, that there was no precedent for reſorting to them upon a ſecond occaſion. In ſhort, poor conſcience had certainly been defeated in the argument, had not fear ſtept into her aſſiſtance, and very ſtrenuouſly urged, that the real diſtinction between the two actions did not lie in the different degrees of honour, but of ſafety: for that the ſecreting the 500 l. was a matter of very little hazard; whereas the detaining the ſixteen guineas was liable to the utmoſt danger of diſcovery.

By this friendly aid of fear, conſcience obtained a compleat victory in the mind of Black George, and, after making him a few compliments on his honeſty, forced him to deliver the money to Jones.

CHAP. XIV.

A ſhort chapter, containing a ſhort dialogue between Squire Weſtern and his Siſter.

MRS. Weſtern had been engaged abroad all that day. The Squire met her at her return home; and when ſhe enquired after Sophia, he acquainted her that he had ſecured her ſafe enough. 'She is 'locked up in my chamber,' cries he, 'and Honour 'keeps the key.' As his looks were full of prodigious wiſdom and ſagacity when he gave his ſiſter this information, it is probable he expected much applauſe from her for what he had done; but how was he diſappointed; when, with a moſt diſdainful aſpect, ſhe cried, 'Sure brother, you are the weakeſt 'of all men. Why will you not confide in me for 'the management of my niece? why will you interpoſe? you have now undone all that I have been 'ſpending my breath in order to bring about. While 'I have been endeavouring to fill her mind with 'maxims of prudence, you have been provoking her 'to reject them. Engliſh women, brother, I thank 'heaven, are no ſlaves. We are not to be locked up 'like the Spaniſh and Italian wives. We have as good 'a right to liberty as yourſelves. We are to be convinced by reaſon and perſuaſion only, and not governed by force. I have ſeen the world, brother, 'and know what arguments to make uſe of; and if 'your folly had not prevented me, ſhould have prevailed with her to form her conduct by thoſe rules 'of prudence and diſcretion which I formerly taught 'her.'—'To be ſure,' ſaid the Squire, 'I am always in the wrong.'—'Brother,' anſwered the lady, 'you are not in the wrong, unleſs when you 'meddle with matters beyond your knowledge. 'You muſt agree, that I have ſeen moſt of the world; 'and happy had it been for my niece, if ſhe had

'not

not been taken from under my care. It is by living ‘ at home with you that ſhe hath learnt romantic no- ‘ tions of love and nonſenſe.’—‘ You don't imagine, ‘ I hope,’ cries the Squire, ‘ that I have taught her ‘ any ſuch things.’——‘ Your ignorance, brother,’ returned ſhe, ‘ as the great Milton ſays, almoſt ſub- ‘ dues my patience *.’—‘ D—n Milton,’ anſwered the Squire, ‘ if he had the impudence to ſay ſo to my ‘ face, I'd lend him a douſe, thof he was never ſo ‘ great a man. Patience! an you come to that, ſiſter, ‘ I have more occaſion for patience, to be uſed like ‘ an over-grown ſchool-boy, as I am by you. Do ‘ you think no one hath any underſtanding, unleſs he ‘ hath been about at court? Pox! the world is come ‘ to a fine paſs indeed, if we are all fools, except ‘ a parcel of roundheads and Hanover rats. Pox! ‘ I hope the times are a coming that we ſhall make ‘ fools of them, and every man ſhall enjoy his own. ‘ That's all, ſiſter, and every man ſhall enjoy his ‘ own. I hope to zee it, ſiſter, before the Hanover ‘ rats have eat up all our corn, and left us nothing ‘ but turneps to feed upon.’—‘ I proteſt, brother,’ cries ſhe, ‘ you are now got beyond my underſtand- ‘ ing. Your jargon of turneps and Hanover rats, is ‘ to me perfectly unintelligible.’—‘ I believe,’ cries he, ‘ you don't care to hear o'em; but the country ‘ intereſt may ſucceed one day or other for all that.’ —‘ I wiſh,’ anſwered the lady, you would think a ‘ little of your daughter's intereſt: for believe me, ‘ ſhe is in greater danger than the nation.’—‘ Juſt ‘ now,’ ſaid he, ‘ you chid me for thinking on her, ‘ and would ha' her left to you.’—‘ And if you will ‘ promiſe to interpoſe no more,’ anſwered ſhe, ‘ I ‘ will, out of my regard to my niece, undertake the ‘ charge.’—‘ Well, do then,’ ſaid the Squire, ‘ for ‘ you know I always agreed, that women are the ‘ propereſt to manage women.’

* The reader may perhaps ſubdue his own patience, if he ſearches for this in Milton.

Mrs. Western then departed, muttering something with an air of disdain, concerning women and the management of the nation. She immediately repaired to Sophia's apartment, who was now, after a day's confinement, released again from her captivity.

BOOK VII.

Containing three days.

CHAP. I.

A comparison between the world and the stage.

THE world hath been often compared to the theatre; and many grave writers, as well as the poets, have considered human life as a great drama, resembling, in almost every particular, those scenical representations, which Thespis is first reported to have invented, and which hath been since received with so much approbation and delight in all polite countries.

This thought hath been carried so far, and is become so general, that some words proper to the theatre, and which were, at first, metaphorically applied to the world, are now indiscriminately and literally spoken of both: thus stage and scene are by common use grown as familiar to us, when we speak of life in general, as when we confine ourselves

to

to dramatic performances; and when we mention tranſactions behind the curtain, St. James's is more likely to occur to our thoughts than Drury-Lane.

It may ſeem eaſy enough to account for all this, by reflecting that the theatrical ſtage is nothing more than a repreſentation, or, as Ariſtotle calls it, an imitation of what really exiſts; and hence, perhaps, we might fairly pay a very high compliment to thoſe, who by their writings or actions have been ſo capable of imitating life, as to have their pictures in a manner confounded with, or miſtaken for the originals.

But, in reality, we are not ſo fond of paying compliments to theſe people, whom we uſe as children frequently do the inſtruments of their amuſement; and have much more pleaſure in hiſſing and buffeting them, than in admiring their excellence. There are many other reaſons which have induced us to ſee this analogy between the world and the ſtage.

Some have conſidered the larger part of mankind in the light of actors, as perſonating characters no more their own, and to which, in fact, they have no better title, than the player hath to be in earneſt thought the king or emperor whom he repreſents. Thus the hypocrite may be ſaid to be a player; and indeed the Greeks call them both by one and the ſame name.

The brevity of life hath likewiſe given occaſion to this compariſon. So the immortal Shakeſpear:

——Life's a poor player,
That ſtorms and ſtruts his hour upon the ſtage,
And then is heard no more.

For which hackneyed quotation, I will make the reader amends by a very noble one, which few, I believe have read. It is taken from a poem called the DEITY, publiſhed about nine years ago, and long ſince buried in oblivion. A proof that good books no more than good men do always ſurvive the bad.

From thee * all human actions take their ſprings.
The riſe of empires and the fall of kings;
See the Vaſt Theatre of Time diſplay'd,
While o'er the ſcene ſucceeding heroes tread!
With pomp the ſhining images ſucceed,
What leaders triumph, and what monarchs bleed!
Perform the parts thy providence aſſigned,
Their pride their paſſions to thy ends inclined:
A while they glitter in the face of day,
Then at thy nod the phantoms paſs away;
No traces left of all the buſy ſcene,
But that remembrance ſays——'The things have been!'

In all theſe however, and in every other ſimilitude of life to the theatre, the reſemblance hath been always taken from the ſtage only. None, as I remember, have at all conſidered the audience at this great drama.

But as Nature often exhibits ſome of her beſt performances to a very full houſe: ſo will the behaviour of her ſpectators no leſs admit the above-mentioned compariſon, than that of her actors. In this vaſt theatre of time are ſeated the friend and the critic: here are claps and ſhouts, hiſſes and groans; in ſhort, every thing which was ever ſeen or heard at the theatre-royal.

Let us examine this in one example: for inſtance, in the behaviour of the great audience on that ſcene which Nature was pleaſed to exhibit in the 12th chapter of the preceding book, where ſhe introduced Black George running away with the 500 l. from his friend and benefactor.

Thoſe who ſat in the world's upper gallery, treated that incident, I am well convinced, with their uſual vociferation; and every term of ſcurrilous reproach was moſt probably vented upon that occaſion.

If

* The DEITY.

If we had deſcended to the next order of ſpectators, we ſhould have found an equal degree of abhorrence, though leſs of noiſe and ſcurrility; yet here the good women gave Black George to the devil, and many of them expected every minute that the cloven-footed gentleman would fetch his own.

The pit, as uſual, was no doubt divided: thoſe who delight in heroic virtue and perfect character, objected to the producing ſuch inſtances of villainy, without puniſhing them very ſeverely for the ſake of example. Some of the author's friends cried—— 'Look'e, gentlemen, the man is a villain; but it is 'nature for all that.' And all the young critics of the age, the clerks, apprentices, &c. called it low, and fell a groaning.

As for the boxes, they behaved with their accuſtomed politeneſs. Moſt of them were attending to ſomething elſe. Some of thoſe few who regarded the ſcene at all, declared he was a bad kind of man; while others refuſed to give their opinion till they had heard that of the beſt judges.

Now we who are admitted behind the ſcenes of this great Theatre of Nature, (and no author ought to write any thing beſides dictionaries and ſpelling books, who hath not this privilege) can cenſure the action without conceiving any abſolute deteſtation of the perſon, whom perhaps Nature may not have deſigned to act an ill part in all her dramas: for in this inſtance, Life moſt exactly reſembles the ſtage, ſince it is often the ſame perſon who repreſents the villain and the hero; and he who engages your admiration to day, will probably attract your contempt to-morrow. As Garrick, whom I regard in tragedy to be the greateſt genius the world hath ever produced, ſometimes condeſcends to play the fool; ſo did Scipio the Great, and Lælius the Wiſe, according to Horace many years ago: nay Cicero reports them to have been 'incredibly childiſh.'——Theſe it is true, played the fool, like my friend Garrick, in jeſtonly:

but ſeveral eminent characters have, in numberleſs inſtances of their lives, played the fool egregiouſly in earneſt; ſo far as to render it a matter of ſome doubt whether their wiſdom or folly was predominant; or whether they were better intitled to the applauſe or cenſure, the admiration or contempt, the love or hatred of mankind.

Thoſe perſons indeed who have paſſed any time behind the ſcenes of this great theatre, and are thoroughly acquainted not only with the ſeveral diſguiſes which are there put on, but alſo with the fantaſtic and capricious behaviour of the paſſions, who are the managers and directors of this theatre, (for as to Reaſon, the pattentee, he is known to be a very idle fellow, and ſeldom to exert himſelf) may moſt probably have learned to conſtrue the famous *Nil admirari* of Horace, or in the Engliſh phraſe, To ſtare at nothing.

A ſingle bad act no more conſtitutes a villain in life, than a ſingle bad part on the ſtage. The paſſions, like the managers of a playhouſe, often force men upon parts, without conſulting their judgement, and ſometimes without any regard to their talents. Thus the man, as well as the player, may condemn what he himſelf acts; nay, it is common to ſee vice ſit as aukwardly on ſome men, as the character of Iago would on the honeſt face of Mr. William Mills.

Upon the whole then, the man of candour and of true underſtanding is never haſty to condemn. He can cenſure an imperfection, or even a vice, without rage againſt the guilty party. In a word, they are the ſame folly, the ſame childiſhneſs, the ſame ill-breeding, and the ſame ill-nature, which raiſe all the clamours and uproars, both in life, and on the ſtage. The worſt of men generally have the words rogue and villain moſt in their mouths, as the loweſt of all wretches are the apteſt to cry out low in the pit.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Containing a converſation which Mr. Jones had with himſelf

JONES received his effects from Mr. Allworthy's early in the morning, with the following anſwer to his letter.

SIR,

'I Am commanded by my uncle to acquaint you, 'that as he did not proceed to thoſe meaſures he 'had taken with you, without the greateſt delibe- 'ration, and after the fulleſt evidence of your un- 'worthineſs, ſo will it be always out of your pow- 'er to cauſe the leaſt alteration in his reſolution. 'He expreſſes great ſurprize at your preſumption in 'ſaying you have reſigned all pretenſions to a young 'Lady, to whom it is impoſſible you ſhould ever 'have had any, her birth and fortune having made 'her ſo infinitely your ſuperior. Laſtly, I am com- 'manded to tell you, that the only inſtance of your 'compliance with my uncle's inclinations, which 'he requires, is, your immediately quitting this 'country. I cannot conclude this without offering 'you my advice, as a Chriſtian, that you would 'ſeriouſly think of amending your life: That you 'may be aſſiſted with grace ſo to do, will always 'be the prayer of

Your humble ſervant,

W. BLIFIL.

Many contending paſſions were raiſed in our hero's mind by this letter; but the tender prevailed at laſt over the indignant and irafcible, and a flood of tears came ſeaſonably to his aſſiſtance, and poſſibly prevented his misfortunes from either turning his head, or burſting his heart.

He grew, however, ſoon aſhamed of indulging this remedy; and ſtarting up, he cried, 'Well, then, I 'will give Mr. Allworthy the only inſtance he requires of my obedience. I will go this moment—but whither?—Why let fortune direct; ſince there 'is no other who thinks it of any conſequence what becomes of this wretched perſon, it ſhall be a matter 'of equal indifference to myſelf. Shall I alone regard what no other——Ha! have I not reaſon to think there is another?—One whoſe value is above 'that of the whole world!——I may, I muſt imagine my Sophia is not indifferent to what becomes 'of me. Shall I then leave this only friend—and ſuch a friend? Shall I not ſtay with her?—Where? How can I ſtay with her? Have I any hopes of 'even ſeeing her, though ſhe was as deſirous as myſelf, without expoſing her to the wrath of her father? And to what purpoſe? Can I think of ſoliciting ſuch a creature to conſent to her own ruin? Shall I indulge any paſſion of mine at ſuch a price? —Shall I lurk about this country, like a thief, with ſuch intentions?——No, I diſdain, I deteſt the 'thought, Farewel, Sophia! farewel, moſt lovely, moſt beloved—' Here paſſion ſtopped his mouth, and found a vent at his eyes.

And, now, having taken a reſolution to leave the country, he began to debate with himſelf whither he ſhould go. 'The world,' as Milton phraſes it, 'lay all before him;' and Jones, no more than Adam, had any man to whom he might reſort for comfort or aſſiſtance. All his acquaintance were the acquaintance of Mr. Allworthy, and he had no reaſon to expect any countenance from them, as that gentleman

tleman had withdrawn his favour from him. Men of great and good characters ſhould indeed be very cautious how they diſcard their dependents; for the conſequence to the unhappy ſufferer is being diſcarded by all others.

What courſe of life to purſue, or to what buſineſs to apply himſelf, was a ſecond conſideration; and here the proſpect was all a melancholy void. Every profeſſion, and every trade, required length of time, and what was worſe, money: for matters are ſo conſtituted, that 'nothing out of nothing' is not a truer maxims in phyſics than in politics; and every man who is greatly deſtitute of money, is on that account entirely excluded from all means of acquiring it.

At laſt the ocean, that hoſpitable friend to the wretched, opened her capacious arms to receive him; and he inſtantly reſolved to accept her kind invitation. To expreſs myſelf leſs figuratively, he determined to go to ſea.

This thought, indeed, no ſooner ſuggeſted itſelf, than he eagerly embraced it; and having preſently hired horſes, he ſet out for Briſtol to put it in execution.

But before we attend him on this expedition, we ſhall reſort a while to Mr. Weſtern's, and ſee what farther happened to the charming Sophia.

CHAP. III.

Containing ſeveral dialogues.

THE morning in which Mr. Jones departed, Mrs. Weſtern ſummoned Sophia into her apartment; and having firſt acquainted her that ſhe had obtained her liberty of her father, ſhe proceeded to read her a long lecture on the ſubject of matrimony; which ſhe treated not as a romantic ſcheme of happineſs ariſing

from love, as it hath been deſcribed by the poets: nor did ſhe mention any of thoſe purpoſes for which we are taught by divines to regard it as inſtituted by ſacred authority: ſhe conſidered it rather as a fund in which prudent women depoſite their fortunes to the beſt advantage, in order to receive a larger intereſt for them, than they could have elſewhere.

When Mrs. Weſtern had finiſhed, Sophia anſwered, 'That ſhe was very incapable of arguing with a lady 'of her aunt's ſuperior knowledge and experience, 'eſpecially on a ſubject which ſhe had ſo very little 'conſidered, as this of matrimony.'

'Argue with me, child!' replied the other, 'I do 'not indeed expect it. I ſhould have ſeen the world 'to very little purpoſe truly, if I am to argue with 'one of your years. I have taken this trouble in 'order to inſtruct you. The ancient philoſophers, 'ſuch as Socrates, Alcibiades, and others, did not 'uſe to argue with their ſcholars. You are to conſider me, child, as Socrates, not aſking your opi'nion, but only informing you of mine.' From which laſt words the reader may poſſibly imagine, that this lady had read no more of the philoſophy of Socrates, than ſhe had of that of Alcibiades; and indeed we cannot reſolve his curioſity as to this point.

'Madam,' cries Sophia, 'I have never preſumed 'to controvert any opinion of yours; and this ſub'ject, as I have ſaid, I have never yet thought of, 'and perhaps never may.

'Indeed Sophy,' replied the aunt, 'this diſſimu'lation with me is very fooliſh. The French ſhall 'as ſoon perſuade me, that they take foreign towns 'in defence only of their own country, as you can 'impoſe on me to believe you have never yet 'thought ſeriouſly of matrimony. How can you, 'child, affect to deny, that you have conſidered of 'contracting an alliance, when you ſo well know I 'am acquainted with the party with whom you de'ſire to contract it? An alliance is unnatural, and

'contrary

'contrary to your intereſt, as a ſeparate league with 'the French would be to the intereſt of the Dutch! 'But however, if you have not hitherto conſidered 'of this matter, I promiſe you it is now high time; 'for my brother is reſolved immediately to conclude 'the treaty with Mr. Blifil: and indeed I am a ſort 'of guarantee in the affair, and have promiſed your 'concurrence.'

'Indeed, Madam,' cries Sophia, 'this is the only 'inſtance in which I muſt diſobey both yourſelf and 'my father, for this is a match requires very little 'conſideration in me to refuſe.

'If I was not as great a philoſopher as Socrates 'himſelf,' returned Mrs. Weſtern, 'you would over-'come my patience. What objection can you have 'to the young gentleman?'

'A very ſolid objection, in my opinion,' ſays So-phia—'I hate him.'

'Will you never learn a proper uſe of words?' anſwered the aunt. 'Indeed, child, you ſhould 'conſult Bailey's Dictionary. It is impoſſible you 'ſhould hate a man from whom you have received 'no injury. By hatred, therefore, you mean no 'more than diſlike, which is no ſufficient objection 'againſt your marrying of him. I have known ma-'ny couples, who have entirely diſliked each other, 'lead very comfortable, genteel lives. Believe me, 'child, I know theſe things better than you. You 'will allow me, I think, to have ſeen the world, in 'which I have not an acquaintance who would not 'rather be thought to diſlike her huſband, than to 'like him. The contrary is ſuch out-of-fashion ro-'mantic nonſenſe, that the very imagination of it is 'ſhocking.'

'Indeed, Madam,' replied Sophia, 'I ſhall never 'marry a man I diſlike. If I promiſe my father ne-'ver to conſent to any marriage contrary to his incli-'nations, I think I may hope he will never force 'me into that ſtate contrary to my own.'

'Inclinations!'

'Inclinations!' cries the aunt, with ſome warmth, 'Inclinations! I am aſtoniſhed at your aſſurance. A 'young women of your age, and unmarried, to talk 'of inclinations! but whatever your inclinations may 'be, my brother is reſolved; nay, ſince you talk of 'inclinations, I ſhall adviſe him to haſten the treaty. 'Inclinations!'

Sophia then flung herſelf upon her knees, and tears began to trickle from her ſhining eyes. She entreated her aunt, 'to have mercy upon her, and not 'to reſent ſo cruelly her unwillingneſs to make her-'ſelf miſerable; often urging, that ſhe alone was 'concerned, and that her happineſs only was at 'ſtake.'

As a bailiff, when well authoriſed by his writ, having poſſeſſed himſelf of the perſon of ſome unhappy debtor, views all his tears without concern: in vain the wretched captive attempts to raiſe compaſſion: in vain the tender wife bereft of her companion, the little prattling boy, or frighted girl, are mentioned as inducements to reluctance. The noble bumtrap, blind and deaf to every circumſtance of diſtreſs, greatly riſes above all the motives to humanity, and into the hands of the goaler reſolves to deliver his miſerable prey.

Not leſs blind to the tears, or leſs deaf to every entreaty of Sophia, was the politic aunt; nor leſs determined was ſhe to deliver over the trembling maid into the arms of the gaoler Blifil. She anſwered with great impetuoſity, 'So far, madam, from your be-'ing concerned alone, your concern is the leaſt, or 'ſurely the leaſt important. It is the honour of your 'family which is concerned in this alliance; you are 'only the inſtrument. Do you conceive, miſtreſs, 'that in an intermarriage between kingdoms, as 'when a daughter of France is married into Spain, 'the princeſs herſelf is alone conſidered in the match? 'No, it is a match between two kingdoms, rather 'than between two perſons. The ſame happens in

'great

'great families, such as ours. The alliance between 'the families is the principal matter. You ought to 'have a greater regard for the honour of your family, 'than for your own person; and if the example of a 'princess can't inspire you with these noble thoughts, 'you cannot surely complain at being used no worse 'than all princesses are used.'

'I hope, madam,' cries Sophia, with a little elevation of voice, 'I shall never do any thing to dis-'honour my family; but as for Mr. Blifil, whatever 'may be the consequence, I am resolved against him, 'and no force shall prevail in his favour.'

Western, who had been within hearing during the greater part of the preceding dialogue, had now exhausted all his patience; he therefore entered the room in a violent passion, crying, 'D—n me then if 'shatunt ha'un, d—n me if shatunt, that's all—that's all —D—n me if shatunt.'

Mrs. Western had collected a sufficient quantity of wrath for the use of Sophia; but she now transferred it all to the squire. 'Brother,' said she, 'it is aston-'ishing that you will interfere in a matter which you 'had totally left to my negociation. Regard to my 'family hath made me take upon myself to be the 'mediating power, in order to rectify those mistakes 'in policy which you have committed in your 'daughter's education. For, brother, it is you; it 'is your preposterous conduct which hath eradi-'cated all the seeds that I had formerly sown in 'her tender mind.—It is you yourself who have 'taught her disobedience.'— —'Blood!' cries the squire, foaming at the mouth, 'you are 'enough to conquer the patience of the devil! 'Have I ever taught my daughter disobedience?— 'Here she stands. Speak honestly, girl: did ever I 'bid you be disobedient to me? Have not I done 'every thing to humour, and to gratify you, and to 'make you obedient to me? And very obedient to 'me she was when a little child, before you took her

'in

'in hand, and ſpoiled her, by filling her head with a 'pack of court-notions—Why—why—why—did not 'I overhear you telling her ſhe muſt behave like a 'princeſs? You have made a Whig of the girl; and 'how ſhould her father, or any body elſe, expect any 'obedience from her?' 'Brother,' anſwered Mrs. Weſtern, with an air of great diſdain, 'I cannot ex-'preſs the contempt I have for your politics of all 'kinds; but I will appeal likewiſe to the young lady 'herſelf, whether I have ever taught her any princi-'ples of diſobedience. On the contrary, niece, have 'I not endeavoured to inſpire you with a true idea of 'the ſeveral relations in which a human creature 'ſtands in ſociety? Have I not taken infinite pains to 'ſhew you, that the law of nature hath enjoined a 'duty on children to their parents? Have I not told 'you what Plato ſays on that ſubject?—A ſubject on 'which you was ſo notoriouſly ignorant when you 'came firſt under my care, that I verily believe you 'did not know the relation between a daughter and 'a father.' 'Tis a lie,' anſwered Weſtern. 'The 'girl is no ſuch fool, as to live to eleven years old, 'without knowing that ſhe was her father's relation.' 'O more than Gothic ignorance!' anſwered the lady.——'And as for your manners, brother, I muſt 'tell you, they deſerve a cane.' 'Why then you 'may gi' it me, if you are able,' cries the ſquire; 'nay, I ſuppoſe your niece there will be ready 'enough to help you.' 'Brother,' ſaid Mrs. Weſtern, 'though I deſpiſe you beyond expreſſion, yet I ſhall 'endure your inſolence no longer; ſo I deſire my 'coach may be got ready immediately, for I am re-'ſolved to leave your houſe this very morning.' 'And a good riddance too,' anſwered he; 'I can 'bear your inſolence no longer, an you come to that. 'Blood! it is almoſt enough of itſelf, to make my 'daughter undervalue my ſenſe, when ſhe hears you 'telling me every minute you deſpiſe me.' 'It is 'impoſſible, it is impoſſible,' cries the aunt, 'no one

'can

'can undervalue such a boor.' 'Boar!' answered the squire. 'I am no boar: no, nor ass; no, nor 'rat neither, madam. Remember that—I am no 'rat. I am a true Englishman, and not of your 'Hanover breed, that have eat up the nation.' 'Thou art one of those wise men,' cries she, 'whose 'nonsensical principles have undone the nation; by 'weakening the hands of our government at home, 'and by discouraging our friends, and encouraging 'our enemies abroad.' 'Ho! are you come back 'to your politics?' cries the squire. 'As for those, 'I despise them as much as I do a f—t.' Which last word he accompanied and graced with the very action, which, of all others, was the most proper to it. And whether it was this word, or the contempt expreſt for her politics, which most affected Mrs. Western, I will not determine; but she flew into the most violent rage, uttered phrases improper to be here related, and instantly burst out of the house. Nor did her brother or her niece think proper either to stop or to follow her: for the one was so much possessed by concern, and the other by anger, that they were rendered almost motionless.

The squire, however, sent after his sister the same holla which attends the departure of a hare, when she is first started before the hounds. He was indeed a great master of this kind of vociferation, and had a holla proper for most occasions in life.

Women who, like Mrs. Western, know the world, and have applied themselves to philosophy and politics, would have immediately availed themselves of the present disposition of Mr. Western's mind; by throwing in a few artful compliments to his understanding at the expence of his absent adversary; but poor Sophia was all simplicity. By which word we do not intend to insinuate to the reader, that she was silly, which is generally understood as a synonimous term with simple: for she was indeed a most sensible girl, and her understanding was of the first rate; but

she

ſhe wanted all that uſeful art which females convert to ſo many good purpoſes in life, and which, as it rather ariſes from the heart, than from the head, is often the property of the ſilliеſt of women.

CHAP. IV.

A picture of a country-gentlewoman taken from the life.

MR. Weſtern having finiſhed his holla, and taken a little breath, began to lament, in very pathetic terms, the unfortunate condition of men, who are, ſays he, always *whipt in* by the humours of ſome d—nd b—or other. I think I was *hard run* enough by your mother for one man; but after giving her a *dodge*, here's another b—— follows me upon the *foil*; but curſe my jacket if I will be *run down* in this manner by any o'um.

Sophia never had a ſingle diſpute with her father, till this unlucky affair of Bliſil, on any account, except in defence of her mother, whom ſhe had loved moſt tenderly, though ſhe loſt her in the eleventh year of her age. The Squire, to whom that poor woman had been a faithful upper ſervant all the time of their marriage, had returned that behaviour, by making what the world calls a good huſband. He very ſeldom ſwore at her, (perhaps not above once a week) and never beat her: ſhe had not the leaſt occaſion for jealouſy, and was perfect miſtreſs of her time; for ſhe was never interrupted by her huſband, who was engaged all the morning in his field-exerciſes, and all the evening with bottle companions. She ſcarce indeed ever ſaw him but at meals; where ſhe had the pleaſure of carving thoſe diſhes which ſhe had before attended at the dreſſing. From theſe meals ſhe retired about five minutes after the other ſervants, having only ſtaid to drink the king over the water. Such were, it ſeems, Mrs. Weſtern's orders; for it was a maxim

maxim with him, that women ſhould come in with the firſt diſh, and go out after the firſt glaſs. Obedience to theſe orders was perhaps no difficult taſk: for the converſation (if it may be called ſo) was ſeldom ſuch as could entertain a lady. It conſiſted chiefly of hallooing, ſinging, relations of ſporting adventurers, b—d—y, and abuſe of women and of the government.

Theſe, however, were the only ſeaſons when Mr. Weſtern ſaw his wife: for when he repaired to her bed, he was generally ſo drunk that he could not ſee; and in the ſporting ſeaſon he always roſe from her before it was light. Thus was ſhe perfect miſtreſs of her time; and had beſides a coach and four uſually at her command; though unhappily indeed the badneſs of the neighbourhood, and of the roads, made this of little uſe: for none who had ſet ſo much value on their neck, would have paſſed through the one, or who had ſet any value on their hours, would have viſited the other. Now to deal honeſtly with the reader, ſhe did not make all the return expected to ſo much indulgence: for ſhe had been married againſt her will, by a fond father, the match having been rather advantageous on her ſide: for the Squire's eſtate was upwards of 3000*l.* a year, and her fortune no more than a bare 8000*l.* Hence perhaps ſhe had contracted a little gloomineſs of temper: for ſhe was rather a good ſervant than a good wife; nor had ſhe always the gratitude to return the extraordinary degree of roaring mirth, with which the Squire received her, even with a good-humoured ſmile. She would, moreover, ſometimes interfere with matters which did not concern her, as the violent drinking of her huſband, which in the gentleſt terms ſhe would take ſome of the few opportunities he gave her, of remonſtrating againſt. And once in her life ſhe very earneſtly entreated him to carry her for two months to London, which he peremptorily denied; nay, was angry with his wife for the requeſt ever after.

ter, being well assured, that all the husbands in London are cuckolds.

For this last, and many other good reasons, Western at length heartily hated his wife; and as he never concealed this hatred before her death, so he never forgot it afterwards; but when any thing in the least soured him, as a bad scenting day, or a distemper among his hounds, or any other such misfortune, he constantly vented his spleen by invectives against the deceased; saying—'If my wife was alive now, 'she would be glad of this.'

These invectives he was especially desirous of throwing forth before Sophia: for as he loved her more than he did any other, so he was really jealous that she had loved her mother better than him. And this jealousy Sophia seldom failed of heightening on these occasions: for he was not contented with violating her ears with the abuse of her mother; but endeavoured to force an explicit approbation of all this abuse, with which desire he never could prevail upon her by any promise or threats to comply.

Hence some of my readers will, perhaps, wonder that the Squire had not hated Sophia as much as he had hated her mother; but I must inform them, that hatred is not the effect of love, even through the medium of jealousy. It is, indeed, very possible for jealous persons to kill the objects of their jealousy, but not to hate them. Which sentiment being a pretty hard morsel, and bearing something of the air of a paradox, we shall leave the reader to chew the cud upon it to the end of the chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

The generous behaviour of Sophia towards her aunt.

SOPHIA kept ſilence during the foregoing ſpeech of her father, nor did ſhe once anſwer otherwiſe than with a ſigh; but as he underſtood none of the language, or, as he called it, lingo, of the eyes, ſo he was not ſatisfied without ſome further approbation of his ſentiments; which he now demanded in the uſual way of his daughter; telling her, 'he expected ſhe was 'ready to take the part of every body againſt him, as 'ſhe had always done that of the b— her mother.' Sophia remaining ſtill ſilent, he cried out, 'What art 'dumb? why doſt unt ſpeak? was not thy mother 'a d—d b—— to me? anſwer me that. What, I 'ſuppoſe, you deſpiſe your father too, and don't 'think him good enough to ſpeak to?'

'For Heaven's ſake, Sir,' anſwered Sophia, 'do 'not give ſo cruel a turn to my ſilence. I am ſure 'I would ſooner die than be guilty of any diſreſpect 'towards you; but how can I venture to ſpeak, 'when every word muſt either offend my dear papa, 'or convict me of the blackeſt ingratitude as well as 'impiety to the memory of the beſt of mothers? 'for ſuch, I am certain, my mama was always to 'me.'

'And your aunt, I ſuppoſe, is the beſt of ſiſters 'too!' replied the Squire. 'Will you be ſo kind 'as to allow that ſhe is a b———? I may fairly 'inſiſt upon that, I think.'

'Indeed, Sir,' ſays Sophia, 'I have great obli-'gations to my aunt. She hath been a ſecond mo-'ther to me.'

'And a ſecond wife to me too,' returned Weſtern; 'ſo you will take her part too! you won't confeſs 'that

'that she hath acted the part of the vilest sister in 'the world?'

'Upon my word, Sir' cries Sophia, 'I must belie 'my heart wickedly if I did. I know my aunt and 'you differ very much in your ways of thinking: 'but I have heard her a thousand times express the 'greatest affection for you; and I am convinced, so 'far from her being the worst sister in the world, 'there are very few who love a brother better.

'The English of all which is,' answered the Squire, 'that I am in the wrong. Ay, certainly. Ay, to 'be sure the woman is in the right, and the man in 'the wrong always.'

'Pardon me, Sir,' cries Sophia, 'I do not say so.'

'What don't you say?' answered the father; 'you 'have the impudence to say she's in the right: doth 'it not follow then of course that I'm in the wrong? 'and perhaps I am in the wrong to suffer such a 'presbyterian Hanoverian b—— to come into my 'house. She may 'dite me of a plot for any thing 'I know, and give my estate to the government.'

'So far, Sir, from injuring you or your estate,' says Sophia, 'if my aunt had died yesterday I am 'convinced she would have left you her whole 'fortune.'

Whether Sophia intended it or no, I shall not presume to assert; but certain it is, these last words penetrated very deep into the ears of her father, and produced a much more sensible effect than all she had said before. He received the sound with much the same action, as a man receives a bullet in his head. He started, staggered, and turned pale. After which he remained silent above a minute, and then began in the following hesitating manner: 'Yesterday! she 'would have left me her estate yesterday! would 'she? why yesterday of all the days in the year? I 'suppose if she dies to-morrow, she will leave it to 'somebody else, and perhaps out of the family.'—'My aunt, Sir,' cries Sophia, 'hath very violent

'passions,

'paſſions, and I can't anſwer what ſhe may do under their influence.'

'You can't!' returned the father, 'and pray who 'hath been the occaſion of putting her into thoſe violent paſſions? Nay, who hath actually put her into 'them? Was not you and ſhe hard at it before I 'came into the room? Beſides, was not all our quarrel about you? I have not quarrelled with ſiſter 'this many years but upon your account; and now 'you would throw the whole blame upon me, as 'thof I ſhould be the occaſion of her leaving the 'eſteate out o' the vamily. I could have expected 'no better indeed; this is like the return you make 'to all the reſt of my fondneſs.'

'I beſeech you then,' cries Sophia, 'upon my 'knees I beſeech you, if I have been the unhappy 'occaſion of this difference, that you will endeavour 'to make it up with my aunt, and not ſuffer her to 'leave your houſe in this violent rage of anger: ſhe 'is a very good-natured woman, and a few civil 'words will ſatisfy her; let me intreat you, Sir.'

'So I muſt go and aſk pardon for your fault, muſt 'I?' anſwered Weſtern. 'You have loſt the hare, 'and I muſt draw every way to find her again? In'deed if I was certain'—Here he ſtopt, and Sophia throwing in more entreaties, at length prevailed upon him; and after venting two or three bitter ſarcaſtical expreſſions againſt his daughter, he departed as faſt as he could to recover his ſiſter, before her equipage could be gotten ready.

Sophia then retired to her chamber of mourning, where ſhe indulged herſelf (if the phraſe may be allowed me) in all the luxury of tender grief. She read over the letter which ſhe had received from Jones more than once; her muff too was uſed on this occaſion; and ſhe bathed both theſe, as well as herſelf, with her tears. In this ſituation the friendly Mrs. Honour exerted her utmoſt abilities, to comfort her afflicted miſtreſs. She ran over the names of many young

young gentlemen; and having greatly commended their parts and perſons, aſſured Sophia that ſhe might take her choice of any. Theſe methods muſt have certainly been uſed with ſome ſucceſs in diſorders of the like kind, or ſo ſkilful a practitioner as Mrs. Honour would never have ventured to apply them; nay, I have heard that the college of chambermaids hold them to be as ſovereign remedies as any in the male diſpenſary; but whether it was that Sophia's diſeaſe differed inwardly, from thoſe caſes with which it agreed in external ſymptoms, I will not aſſert; but in fact, the good waiting-woman did more harm than good, and at laſt ſo incenſed her miſtreſs, (which was no eaſy matter) that with an angry voice ſhe diſmiſſed her from her preſence.

END of VOL. III. of THE HISTORY OF TOM JONES.

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